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R. Southey.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Similar Collections to the present have long been known in France and Germany, under the title of *Almanacks of the Muses*. In Germany they were first introduced by BURGER, and SCHILLER and Voss each edited one at present.

Of the poems contained in this volume, none have appeared in any regular form. Many have been printed in the Morning-Post. Many are now first published: and, with the exception of one piece only, all have been transmitted to the Editor by their respective Authors.

It is the intention of the Editor to publish annually a similar volume. Communications are to be addressed to Messrs. BIGGS & Co. Printers, Bristol, for the Editor of the Annual Anthology. It is requested that the Writer will enclose his address, that the piece may be returned, if found inconvenient to insert.

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| DR. BEDDOES. | |

A TOPOGRAPHICAL ODE.

Were I a cloud, o'er thee o Keswic-lake !
Oft would I hover on the summer air,
And in thy calmest nook
Reflect my varying form.

Now would I nestle on thy cliffy sides, 5
Or with yon eagles gage on daring wing
The yet unfathom'd depth
Of ether's shoreless sea;

Now floating low between thy opening hills,
Where many a village still Content has built, 10
Diffuse my flowing vest
Thy bending banks along:

There when the yellow dawn o'erhangs *Lodore,
 (Ere yet the Genius of the sounding flood
 With yellow glory crowns
 The cataract of his pride,) 15

I'll wring the dew-drops from my golden curls,
 Or from my light wings shake bespangled rain,
 Thy fields and trembling groves
 In livelier green to clothe : 20

There, when the fading Sun draws near the †vale,
 From whose blue lap the oozy-pillowed waves
 Of sheety Basenthwaite
 At hazy distance gleam,)

I'll weave the crimson lining of the tent, 25
 Where jealous Evening from the musing eye
 Pavilions secretly
 His couch of dumb repose.

* Lodore, a mountain noted for the waterfall on its side, lies
 to the east of lake Keswic.

† Lake Basenthwaite stretches westward from Keswic.

Were I a mist, I'd arch a dusky vault
 Across the pillaring crags of Borro-dale, 30
 And strew with sullen gloom
 Its gray fantastic rocks,

Unbeaming thence the sultry *noon to him,
 Whom virgin-beauty's timid eye pursues
 As in the †strife of oars 35
 He plies the fervid arm ;

Or on the lonely Ness from chilly turn
 Pour vapour, and with dewy fingers hang
 A dim-depending veil
 About its mossy head, 40

* Borrodale is the *southern* boundary of the Lake. The peninsulated mountain Borro-ness almost blocks its entrance ; within this is a *black-lead* mine, (see line 126) for the better working of which, a Roman fortress built near the summit of the Ness was pulled down.

† In August, an annual prize is rowed for on the lake.

Whence the swart fairies of the mine below
 Indignant dash'd the work of Roman pride,
 A tower tho' thron'd in heaven
 Too weak to awe the land.

Were I a flame-shaft of the northern * dawn 45
 On Skiddaw's highth I'd take my glittering stand,
 And wreathe with flickering fire
 His murky brow sublime,

While Darkness still with her broad mantle wraps
 The giant-limbs of his majestic form, 50
 And Silence clasps his foot
 Save where hoarse torrents rush.

Thence would I stretch my sword cherubic wide
 O'er all thy kindling waters, and expand
 A ruby sea of fire 55
 Between thy mountains dun.

* Skiddaw lies to the north of Keswic.

Then quench the fervent blushes on thy cheek,
 And chace the whitening splendor far away
 To sparkle thro' the air
 In many a fleecy flake. 60

Yet wherefore dream? perchance when life recedes
 And woes have rid me of this mortal robe
 That tempts my trammel'd step
 To droil in earthly care,

The doom-fulfilling Angel shall conduct 65
 My soul to mansions in the airy halls,
 Above thy shining floor
 That heave their sapphire roofs;

To my delighted spirit shall consign
 The rule of every vapour that ascends 70
 Between thy rifted rocks,
 Or thro' thy bubbling wave:

Of every breeze that plays along thy breast,
 Or shakes the pattering foliage of thy trees,
 Of every blast that howls
 Thy dark-brown hills among,

Then will I pall me in tempestuous gloom ;
 Athwart thy banks in sevenfold *thunders roll,
 And heap thy billowing tide,
 Black, rough, as lava-fields. 80

And (when I've learnt to sway destroying storms,
 To line the lightning with impurpled flame,
 And from unerring hand
 To hurl the fiery doom,)

Yon †roof, profaner of my realm, assail, 85
 The gathered terrors of this red right arm
 Thine isle of rock shall quake,
 And every building fall :

* From one situation on the lake an echo repeats *seven* times.

† JOSEPH POCKLINGTON, Esq. has decorated an island in the lake of which he is owner, with stables in the form of a church, a mock fort neatly white-wash'd, a trim boat-house leaning on the remains of a Druidical Temple, whose central stone is yearly painted with white lead and oil, &c.

The roaring surges from its shore shall dash
 The painted traces of thy harlot-taste ; 90
 Thy hall wide-wasting flame
 To shapeless ruin sear.

There, (as o'er slaughter-fields the Fiend of war
 Broods smiling, while his swollen nostril drinks
 The cloud of steaming blood 95
 And agonizing groans,)

Awhile I'll lower o'er the crumbling wrack
 Till the gusts slink anew to wombing dens,
 The clouds uncurtain heaven,
 The murmuring waters hush. 100

Then shall my satiate ire no more forbid
 The tears of twilight on the isle to gleam,
 Or rainbow-girded showers
 To kiss the flowery shore.

I'll show the Elves where on its scented brink 105
 The purple violets drench their heads in dew,
 The dawn-hued primrose blooms,
 Or waves the eglantine.

The rifted oak with misletoe shall teem,
The vervain gad along the pathless soil, 110
 And from the mossier walls,
 Unfading ivy bow.

From cloudy exile will I then recall
 The ghosts of Druids to their ring of stones,
 And, when the white-robed choir 115
 Their solemn round renew,

And from their golden harps melodious, pour
 Aerial music down the listening vales,
 (While thro' the streakless blue
 Slow winds the full-orb'd moon, 120

And all the stars in living radiance bath'd,
 Their cluster'd glories o'er the mountains roll,
 Surveying in thy flood,
 Keswic, their beamy locks,)

The dusky Fays of Borro's echoing cave 125
 From their deep palace by the sound evok'd,
 Shall on thy tawny sands
 Their jetty tribute fling ;

And from the marble grottoes of thy bed,
 Shall oft emerge the ladies of the Lake,
 To doff upon thy strand
 The loose cerulean woof,

To braid with sedge their undulating hair,
 In cars of shell to skim thy ruffling wave,
 Or its translucent top 135
 With pearly wrist to cleave ;

And every Spirit of thy haunted banks,
 Of rock, hill, cavern, waterfall, or wood,
 Shall hold communion sweet
 Around thy hallowed brim. 140

RYALTO.

BISHOP BRUNO.

"Bruno, the Bishop of Herbipolitanum, sailing in the river of Danubius, with Henry the third, then Emperour, being not far from a place which the Germanes call BEN STRUDEL, or the devouring gulfe, which is neere unto Grinon, a castle in Austria, a spirit was heard clamouring aloud, "Ho, ho, Bishop Bruno, whether art thou travelling? but dispose of thyselfe how thou pleasest, thou shalt be my prey and spoile." At the hearing of these words they were all stupified, and the Bishop with the rest crost and blest themselves. The issue was, that within a short time after, the Bishop feasting with the Emperor in a Castle belonging to the Countesse of Esburch, a rafter fell from the roof of the chamber wherein they sate, and strooke him dead at the table."

Heywood's Hierarchie of the blessed Angels.

Bishop Bruno awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright:
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turned to sleep and he dreamt again:
He rung at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that opened the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
 And he heard at his window the screech 'owl scream!
 Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,—
 Oh! glad was he when he saw the day light!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
 For he with the Emperor dines to day;
 There was not a Baron in Germany
 That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
 The people throng'd to see their pride,
 They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
 But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
 When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
 Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee—
 But I would have *you* know, you travel to me!

Behind and before and on either side,
 He look'd, but nobody he espied.
 And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear,
 For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
 He almost expected to hear his knell;
 And when the porter turn'd the key,
 He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
 For the Emperor welcomed him royally;
 And now the tables were spread, and there
 Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had blest the meat,
 When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat,—
 With the Emperor now you are dining in glee,
 But know, Bishop Bruno! you sup with me!

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
 And suddenly lost his appetite;
 All the wine and dainty cheer
 Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
 For the wine went flowing merrily,
 And he forgot his former dread,
 And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there,
But when the masquers entered the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud,—
You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, with glee!
But you must pass the night with me!

His cheek grows pale and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair;—
With that there came one from the masquers band,
And he took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

R. S. Y.

The HOLLY TREE.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I.

O Reader ! hast thou ever stood to see
 The Holly Tree ?
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves
 Ordered by an intelligence so wise
 As might confound the Atheists sophistries.

II.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen,
 No grazing cattle thro' their prickly round
 Can reach to wound,
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

III.

I love to view these things with curious eyes
 And moralize ;
 And in the wisdom of the Holly Tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
 Such as may profit in the after-time.

IV.

So, tho' abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

V.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

VI.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see
What then so chearful as the Holly Tree?

VII.

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as chearful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

YOUTH AND AGE.

With chearful step the traveller
 Pursues his early way,
 When first the dimly-dawning east
 Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
 He hastens up the height,
 And all he sees and all he hears,
 But only give delight.

And if the mist retiring slow,
 Roll round its wavy white,
 He thinks the morning vapours hide
 Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds
 Departs the fading day,
 How wearily the traveller
 Pursues his evening way!

Then sorely o'er the craggy road
 His painful footsteps creep,
 And slow with many a feeble pause,
 He labours up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
 They fill his soul with fear;
 He dreads some unseen precipice,
 Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
 Life's pleasant morning stage;
 Alas! the evening traveller feels
 The fears of wary age!

ELEGY

On a QUID of TOBACCO.

It lay before me on the close-grazed grass,
 Beside my path, an old Tobacco Quid :
 And shall I by the mute adviser pass
 Without one serious thought? now Heaven forbid !

Perhaps some idle drunkard threw thee there,
 Some husband, spendthrift of his weekly hire,
 One who for wife and children takes no care,
 But sits and tipples by the alehouse fire.

Ah ! luckless was the day he learnt to chew !
 Embryo of ills the quid that pleas'd him first !
 Thirsty from that unhappy quid he grew,
 Then to the alehouse went to quench his thirst.

So great events from causes small arise,
 The forest oak was once an acorn seed ;
 And many a wretch from drunkenness who dies,
 Owes all his evils to the Indian weed.

Let not temptation, mortal, ere come nigh !
 Suspect some ambush in the parsley hid !
 From the first kiss of love ye maidens fly !
 Ye youths avoid the first Tobacco Quid !

Perhaps I wrong thee, O thou veteran chaw,
 And better thoughts my musings should engage ;
 That thou wert rounded in some toothless jaw,
 The joy, perhaps, of solitary age.

One who has suffered fortune's hardest knocks,
 Poor, and with none to tend on his grey hairs,
 Yet has a friend in his tobacco-box,
 And whilst he rolls his quid, forgets his cares.

Even so it is with human happiness,
 Each seeks his own according to his whim ;
 One toils for wealth, one fame alone can bless,
 One asks a quid, a quid is all to him.

O veteran chaw, thy fibres savoury strong,
Whilst ought remain'd to chew thy master chew'd,
Then cast thee here, when all thy juice was gone,
Emblem of selfish man's ingratitude !

A happy man, O cast-off quid, is he
Who, like as thou, has comforted the poor.
Happy his age, who knows himself like thee,
Thou didst thy duty, man can do no more.

THEODERIT.

*To a FRIEND**Settled in the COUNTRY.*

Richard, the lot which fate to thee has given,
 Almost excites my envy. This green field
 Sweet solace to the wearied mind must yield;
 And yonder wide circumference of heaven,
 At morn or when the day-star rides on high,
 Or when the calm and mellowed light of even
 Softens the glory of the western sky,
 Spreads only varied beauties to thine eye.
 And when these scenes, these lovely scenes so fair,
 Hill, vale, and wood, are hidden from thy sight,
 Still thro' the deepness of the quiet air,
 Canst thou behold the radiant host of night,
 And send thy spirit thro' the infinite,
 Till lofty contemplation end in prayer.

Richard, the lot which fate to thee has given,
 I not unenvying shall recall to mind,
 In that foul town, by other fate confined,
 Where never running brook, nor verdant field,
 Nor yonder wide circumference of heaven,
 Sweet solace to the wearied soul can yield.

REMEMBRANCE.

The remembrance of Youth is a sigh.

Al.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
 As thro' the world he wends ;
 On every stage from youth to age,
 Still discontent attends.
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers with a sigh,
 The days that are no more.

When first Remembrance in the soul
 Awakes her infant power,
 'Tis but to teach the hard controul
 That binds the present hour.

From strange restraints and idle rules,
 The tyrant discipline of schools,
 The childish thought will roam ;
 And tears will struggle in his eye,
 Whilst he remembers with a sigh,
 The comforts of his home.

The emancipating hour is come,
 The long-expected years !
 And still he shares the common doom,
 The slave of hopes and fears.
 Young Love before his eager eyes
 Presents a promised paradise,
 But still the sullen fiend Delay,
 Or bars him on his onward way
 To scenes so seeming fair ;
 Or he may reach the wish'd-for seat,
 And when he thinks his joys compleat,
 Find Disappointment there.
 So he remembers with a sigh
 The careless days of infancy !

Maturer manhood now arrives,
 And other thoughts come on ;
 But with the baseless hopes of youth
 Its generous warmth is gone.
 Cold calculating cares succeed,
 The timid thought, the wary deed,
 The dull realities of truth.
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering with an envious sigh
 The faery dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
 With feeble step and slow ;
 New ills his latter stage await,
 And old experience learns too late,
 That all is vanity below.
 Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its idle hopes are o'er ;
 Yet age remembers with a sigh,
 The days that are no more.

R.

H O P E.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As thro' the world he wends,
Yet gentle Hope on every stage,
The comforter, attends,
And if the toil-worn traveller droops,
With heaviness opprest,
She cheers his heart, and bids him see
The distant place of rest.

To school the little exile goes,
And quits his mother's arms ;
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty has lost its charms ?
Condemned to suffer thro' the day
Restraints that no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern ;
If memory still the present sours,
Hope lightens as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.

Youth comes, and eager fancy hails
 The long-expected days :
 Youth comes, and he is doom'd to prove
 The fears and jealousies of love,
 And all its long delays.
 But when the passions with their might
 Afflict the doubtful breast,
 Hope bids him yet expect delight,
 And happiness, and rest.

When manhood comes with troubles rife,
 And all the toils and cares of life
 Usurp the busy mind,
 Where shall the tir'd and harrass'd heart
 Its consolation find.
 Hope doubts not yet the meed to obtain
 Of difficulties past,
 And looks beyond the toils of gain
 To wealth enjoy'd at last.

So to his journey's latter stage
His pilgrim feet attain,
And then he finds in wiser age
That earthly cares are vain.
Yet Hope the constant friend remains
Who sooth'd his troubles past,
Tho' oft deceiving and deceived
The truest friend at last.
By Faith and Hope in life's last hour
Are life's last pangs relieved,
They give the expectation then
That cannot be deceived.

R.

MUSINGS

On the WIG of a SCARE-CROW.

Alas for this world's changes and the lot
 Of sublunary things ! yon wig that there
 Moves with each motion of the inconstant air,
 Invites my pensive mind to serious thought.
 Was it for this its curious cawl was wrought
 Close as the tender tendrils of the vine
 With clustered curls ? Perhaps the artist's care
 Its borrowed beauties for some Lady fair
 Arranged with nicest art and fingers fine ;
 Or for the forehead fram'd of some Divine
 Its graceful gravity of grizzled grey ;
 Or whether on some stern Schoolmaster's brow
 Sate its white terrors, who shall answer now ?
 On yonder rag-robed pole for many a day
 Have those dishonour'd locks endur'd the rains
 And winds, and summer sun, and winter snow,
 Scaring with vain alarms the robber crow,

Till of its former form no trace remains,
 None of its ancient honours ! I survey
 Its alter'd state with moralizing eye,
 And journey sorrowing on my lonely way,
 And muse on Fortune's mutability.

THEODORIT.

To a YOUNG MAN,

*Who considered the perfection of human nature as consisting in
the vigor and indulgence of the more boisterous passions.*

By CHARLES LLOYD.

This is not pleasure ! can'st thou look within
And say that thou art blest ? at close of day
Canst thou retire to thy fire-side *alone*,
Quiet at heart, nor heeding aught remote,
The power of wine, or power of company,
To fill thy human cravings ? hast thou left
Some treasured feelings, unexhausted loves,
Thoughts of the past, and thoughts of times to come,
Mingled with sweetness all and deep content,
For Solitude's grave moment ? Canst thou tell
Of the last sun-set how 'twas freak'd with clouds,
With clouds of shape sublime and strangest hues ?
Canst thou report the storm of yester-night,

Its dancing flashes and its growling thunder ?
 And canst thou call to mind the colourless moon,
 What time the thin cloud half obscured the stars
 Muffling them, till the Spirit of the Night
 Let slip its shadowy surge, and in the midst
 One little gladdening twinkler shook its locks ?

Oh have these things within thee aught besides
 Human remembrance ? Have they passion, love ?
 Do they enrich thy dreams, and to thy thoughts
 Add images of purity and peace ?
 It is not so, cannot be so, to those
 Who in the revels of the midnight cup,
 Or in the wanton's lap, lavish the gift,
 God's supreme gift, the *motion*, and the *fire*,
 That *stirs*, and *warms* the faculty of thought !
 If thou defile thyself, that joy minute,
 Deep, silent, simple, dignified, yet mild,
 Must never be thy portion ! Thou hast lost
 That most companionable and awful sense,
 That sense which tells us of a God in Heaven
 And beauty on the earth : that sense which lends
 A voice to silence, and to vacancy
 A multitude of shapes and hues of life !

Go then, relinquish pleasure, would'st thou know
 The throb of happiness, relinquish wine,
 And greedy lust, and greedier imagings
 Of what may constitute the bliss of man !
 Oh ! tis a silent and a quiet power,
 An unobtrusive power, that winds itself
 Into all moods of time and circumstance !
 It smiles, and looks serene ; in the clear eye
 It speaks refreshing things, but never words
 It makes its instruments, and flies away
 As 'twere polluted, from the soul that dares
 To waste God's dear endowments heedlessly,
 And without special care that *present joy*
 May bring *an after-blessing*.

DIRGE

For him who shall deserve it.

Stay your walk ye weeping throng,
 Rest the bier in solemn show :
 Hush awhile your funeral song :
 Bear not hence the sight of woe.

We were met beneath this tree
 Wreaths for Freedom's feast to twine,
 Here to coil the dance of glee,
 Here to quaff the sparkling wine ;

Here to shout the names of those
 Whom a nation's thank pursues ;
 Here to swell the songs we chose
 Virtuous daring to diffuse.

This was he who won our feast,
 And in victory's bosom fell ;
 Honour'd be the Hero's rest,
 Praise beside his tomb shall dwell.

On his sable pall ye bear
 The steel in fields of blood he shook,
 Leave the holy weapon here ;
 Hang it high on Freedom's oak.

Youths that seek the battle's strife,
 Grasping this incrimson'd steel,
 Shall swear like him to value life
 Only for their country's weal.

Patriot shades, who hover nigh,
 When the priest his corse has blest,
 Guide his spirit to your sky,
 He with patriot shades shall rest ;

Thence the whitening bones to view
 Of the bands our tyrants led,
 Thence with looks of scorn pursue
 Who from Freedom's banners fled.

Onward walk, ye weeping throng,
 Lift the bier in mournful show :
 Chaunt away your funeral song :
 We have paid the debt to woe.

To Mr. OPIE,

On his having painted for me the picture of MRS. TWISS.

Hail to thy pencil ! well its glowing art
 Has traced those features painted on my heart :
 Now, tho' in distant scenes she soon will rove,
 Still shall I here behold the friend I love ;
 Still see that smile " endearing, artless, kind,"
 The eye's mild beam that speaks the candid mind,
 Which, sportive oft, yet fearful to offend,
 By humour charms, but never wounds a friend.
 But in my breast contending feelings rise,
 While this lov'd semblance fascinates my eyes ;
 Now pleas'd, I mark the painter's skilful line,
 Now joy, because the skill I mark was thine :
 And while I prize the *gift* by thee bestow'd,
 My heart proclaims I'm of the *giver* proud.
 Thus pride and friendship war with equal strife,
 And now the FRIEND exults, and now the WIFE.

AMELIA OPIE, 1799.

The OAK of our FATHERS.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

It grew and it flourish'd for many an age,
And many a tempest wreak'd on it its rage,
But when its strong branches were bent with the blast,
It struck its roots deeper and flourish'd more fast.

Its head tower'd high, and its branches spread round,
For its roots were struck deep, and its heart it was sound ;
The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

The Oak of our Fathers to Freedom was dear,
Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was her spear.
Alas for the Oak of our Fathers that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

There crept up an ivy and clung round the trunk,
 It struck in its mouths and its juices it drunk ;
 The branches grew sickly deprived of their food,
 And the Oak was no longer the pride of the wood.

The foresters saw and they gather'd around,
 Its roots still were fast, and its heart still was sound ;
 They lopt off the boughs that so beautiful spread,
 But the ivy they spared on its vitals that fed.

No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd,
 Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade ;
 Lopt and mangled the trunk in its ruin is seen,
 A monument now what its beauty has been.

The Oak has received its incurable wound
 They have loosened the roots, tho' the heart may be sound ;
 What the travellers at distance green-flourishing see,
 Are the leaves of the ivy that ruined the tree.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers that stood
 In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

R. S.

TO A FRIEND,

Enquiring if I would live over my youth again.

Do I regret the past ?

Would I again live o'er

The morning hours of life ?

Nay William nay, not so !

In the warm joyaunce of the summer sun

I do not wish again

The changeful April day.

Nay William nay, not so !

Safe haven'd from the sea

I would not tempt again

The uncertain ocean's wrath.

Praise be to him who made me what I am,

Other I would not be.

Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk
 Of days that are no more ?
 When in his own dear home
 The traveller rests at last,
 And tells how often in his wanderings
 The thought of those far off
 Has made his eyes o'erflow
 With no unmanly tears ;
 Delighted he recalls
 Thro' what fair scenes his charmed feet have trod.
 But ever when he tells of perils past,
 And troubles now no more,
 His eyes most sparkle, and a readier joy
 Flows rapid to his heart.

No William no, I would not live again
 The morning hours of life,
 I would not be again
 The slave of hope and fear,
 I would not learn again
 The wisdom by Experience hardly taught.
 To me the past presents
 No object for regret ;
 To me the present gives
 All cause for full content ;—

The future,—it is now the chearful noon,
And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze
 With eyes alive to joy ;
 When the dark night descends,
My weary lids I willingly shall close,
 Again to wake in light.

ERTHUSYO.

THE RHEDYCINIAN BARBERS.

In the eighteenth century, the author of the following parody, (not a Christ-Church-man) being at Oxford, saw at a distance twelve persons running at full speed towards Christ-Church Cloisters, which they entered: curiosity led him to follow them; when looking through an opening in the door of a certain Commoner's room, he saw twelve pale figures resembling men; they were all employed about a youth, and as they worked they sung the following song: when they had finished they put up their implements, and each taking his own, they scowered away, six towards Peck-water, and six towards the Great Quadrangle.

Now the sky begins to clear,
 Haste, the powder-bag prepare;
 Showers of sweets and perfumes dear
 Tremble in the thickened air.

Blackened ivory is the comb,
 With which thy dusky locks we strain;
 Working many a Louses doom,
 Kreepers woe and Krawlers bane.

See the frosted texture grow,
 'Tis of Marechalle powder made;
 And the tail that plays below,
 Hangs from ***** head.

White stitch'd shoes ne'er dipt in dirt,
 Scud the Quadrangle along;
 String in bow-knot neatly girt,
 Keep the quarters close and strong.

Harris * Tom with unkempt head,
 Charles * the Scout in hurry see;
 Join the beauteous work to aid,
 'Tis the work of friperie!

Now the ruddy sun is set,
 Chairs must shiver, students sing,
 Cap with clattering cap shall meet,
 Bottles crash and glasses ring!

Gently spread the perfumed fat,
 Let us go and let us fly;
 Where the youths expectant wait,
 For us to powder us to tie.

* Two persons well known at Christ-Church.

As the gravel'd path we tread,
 Wading through the empuddled square ;
 Parapluie of oil'd silk spread,
 O'er the youthful beau's drest head.

Swift Italia's perfumes throw,
 Ours to plaster ours to plat ;
 Spite of weather he shall go,
 Gently spread the perfumed fat.

Hairs that once like bristles grim,
 Greasy grew into his neck ;
 Soon shall stretch in order trim,
 O'er the dark brown of his cheek.

Low the obdurate curl is laid,
 By our irons straightened down ;
 Dress demands the finish'd head,
 Soon the fore-top shall be done.

Long shall Christ-Church smile with joy,
 Such a head as this to see ;
 Long her strains in praise employ,
 Strains of wit and repartee.

Mille-fleur covers all his pate !

Trickling streams of Jasmine run !
Wave the puff in silky state,
Brothers cease ! the work is done.

Hail the task and hail the hands,
Joy and triumph to our shop;
Joy to our barbaric hands,
Triumph o'er each blackguard crop.

Valet thou that tiest a tail,
Learn thy business from our song ;
Christ-Church, thro' each cloister pale,
Spread our fame and credit long.

Brothers hence ! your puffs lay down,
Each his powder-bag comprest ;
Many a student in the town,
Waits impatient to be drest.

G. C. B.

O D E

To the RIVER CAM.

By GEORGE DYER.

I.

While yon sky-lark warbles high,
 While yon Rustic whistles gay,
 On thy banks oh Cam I lie ;
 Museful pour the pensive lay.
 Willowy Cam thy lingering stream
 Suits too well the thoughtful breast,
 Languor here might love to dream,
 Sorrow here might sigh to rest.

II.

Near yon steeple's tapering height,*
 Beauteous *Julia*,† thou art laid ;

* Chesterton Church, near Cambridge.

† The young woman, on occasion of whose death
 was written *Elegy the second*, in the *Author's Poems*
 published in 1792.

I could linger thro' the night,
 Still to mourn thee, lovely maid !
 In yon garden Fancy reads,
 " *Sopbron** strays no longer here :"
 Then again my bosom bleeds ;
 Then I drop the silent tea .

III.

Hoary Cam ! steal slow along !
 Near yon desolated grove
 Sleep the partners of my song ;
 There with them I wont to rove.
 He the Youth† of fairest fame,
 Hasten'd to an early tomb ;
 Friendship shall record his name,
 Pity mourn his hapless doom.

* Robert Robinson, author of various ingenious and learned publications, whose memoirs were written by the author, resided in this village.

† William Taylor, formerly fellow of Emanuel College ; the most intimate and highly esteemed of the author's friends when at College : and if extensive learning, a sound judgment, a modest demeanor, and unblemished morals, have a claim to respectful remembrance, William Taylor will not be soon forgotten by him.

IV.

Hark ! I hear the death-bell sound !
 There another spirit fled !
 Still mine ears the tidings wound ;
Pbilo † slumbers with the dead.
 Well he knew the Critic's part ;
 Shakespeare's name to him was dear ;
 Kind and gentle was his heart ;
 —Now again I drop the tear.

V.

Bending sad beside thy stream,
 While I heave the frequent sigh,
 Do thy rippling waters gleam,
 Sympathetic murmuring by ?
 Then Oh ! Cam, will I return,
 Hail thy soothing stream again,
 And as viewing *Julia's* urn,
 Grateful bless thee in my strain.

† Dr. Farmer.

VI.

Still there are who raptured view
 Scenes which youthful hopes endear,
 Where they science learn to woo ;
 Still they love to wander here.
 Peace they meet in every grove ;
 Lives again the rapturous song ;
 Sweetly sportive still they rove,
 Can ! thy sedgey banks along.

VII.

Stately streams, and glens, and lakes,
 They can leave to *Scotia's* plains ;
 Mountains hoar, and vales, and brakes,
 They resign to *Cambrian* swains.
 But these placid scenes full well
 Suit the quiet musing breast :
 Here if Fancy may not dwell,
 Science shall delight to rest.

To a FRIEND.

Repine not O my friend ! if Heaven has sent
Some sorrows on thy youth, nor waste the hours
In idle grief and wailing discontent,

But rouse thy spirit and with all its powers
Wrestle the strife of fortune. When the blow
Of evil on the aged head descends,

Heavy it falls, no stirring hope befriends,
No active enterprize alleviates woe,
No busy expectation comes to save,

Death only then the kindly aid extends
And gives deliverance in the peaceful grave.

But youth is strong, and in that vigorous age
Trials are blessings sure if they excite
To wholesome energy. Put forth thy might

And boldly with the adverse world engage !
The bare exertion will beguile distress ;
And when thy labours have obtained success,

Thou wilt behold the past and with delight
Find present pleasure in past wretchedness.
As one who journeying on his toilsome way
With heaviness and sore fatigue opprest,
Remembers this upon the future day
And recollecting toil, more values rest.

CHIMALPOCA.

A Monodrama—founded on an event in the Mexican History.

SCENE—*The Temple of Mexitli.*

Subjects ! friends ! children ! I may call you children
 For I have ever borne a father's love
 Towards you ; it is thirteen years since first
 You saw me in the robes of royalty,
 Since here the multitudes of Mexico
 Hail'd me their King. I thank you friends that now
 In equal numbers and with equal love
 You come to grace my death.

For thirteen years
 What I have been, ye know : that with all care,
 That with all justice and all gentleness
 Seeking your weal I govern'd. Is there one
 Whom I have injured ? one whose just redress
 I have denied, or baffled by delay ?
 Let him come forth, that so no evil tongue

Speak shame of me hereafter. O my people,
Not by my deeds have I drawn down upon me
The wrath of Heaven.

The wrath is heavy on me !

Heavy ! a burthen more than I can bear !
I have endured contempt, insult and wrongs
From that Acolhuan tyrant ! should I seek
Revenge ? alas my people, we are few,
Feeble our growing state ! it hath not yet
Rooted itself to bear the hurricane ;
It is the lion-cub that tempts not yet
The tyger's full-aged fury. Mexicans,
He sent to bid me wear a woman's robe ;—
When was the day that ever I look'd back
In battle ? Mexicans, the wife I loved,
To faith and friendship trusted, in despite
Of me, of heaven, he seized, and spurned her back
Polluted !—coward villain ! and he lurks
Behind his armies and his multitudes
And mocks my idle wrath !—it is not fit
It is not possible that I should live !
Live ! and deserve to be the finger-mark
Of slave-contempt ! his blood I cannot reach,
But in my own all stains shall be effaced,

It shall blot out the marks of infamy,
 And when the warriors of the days to come
 Shall speak of Chimalpoca, they shall say
 He died the brave man's death !

Not of the God

Unworthy, do I seek his altar thus,
 A voluntary victim. And perchance
 The sacrifice of life may profit you
 My people, tho' all living efforts fail'd
 By fortune, not by fault.

Cease your lament !

And if your ill-doom'd King deserved your love,
 Say of him to your children, " he was one
 " Who bravely bore misfortune ; who when life
 " Became dishonour, shook his body off,
 " And join'd the Spirits of the heroes dead."
 Yes ! not in *Miclanteuctli's dark abode
 With cowards shall your King receive his doom ;
 Not in the icy caverns of the North
 Suffer thro' endless ages ! he shall join
 The Spirits of the brave, with them at morn
 Shall issue from the eastern gate of Heaven,

* The Mexican God of Hell.

And follow thro' his fields of light the Sun ;
 With them shall raise the song and weave the dance,
 Sport in the stream of splendour, company
 Down to the western palace of his rest
 The Prince of Glory, and with equal eye
 Endure his centered radiance. Not of you
 Forgetful, O my people, even then,
 But often in the amber cloud of noon
 Diffused, will I o'erspread your summer fields,
 And on the freshened maize and brightening meads
 Shower plenty.

Spirits of my valiant Sires,
 I come ! Mexitli, never at thy shrine
 Flow'd braver blood ! never a nobler heart
 Steam'd up its life to thee ! Priests of the God,
 Perform your office !

S.

*ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR,
AND WHO SAT THERE.*

Merrily merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at the church-door.

Richard Penlake was a chearful man,
Chearful and frank and free,
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,
For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take
Till patience availed no longer,
Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick would take,
And shew her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca his wife had often wish'd
 To sit in St. Michael's chair ;
 For she should be the mistress then
 If she had once sat there.

It chanced that Richard Penlake fell sick,
 They thought he would have died ;
 Rebecca his wife made a vow for his life
 As she knelt by his bed-side.

Now hear my prayer, St. Michael ! and spare
 My husband's life, quoth she,
 And to thine altar we will go,
 Six marks to give to thee.

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
 For woundily sick was he—
 Save me St. Michael and we will go
 Six marks to give to thee.

When Richard grew well Rebecca his wife
 Teized him by night and by day :
 O mine own dear ! for you I fear,
 If we the vow delay.

Merrily merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at the church door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer :
She left him to pray and stole away
To sit in St. Michael's chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
Round and round and round ;
'Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top
And look upon the ground.

A curse on the ringers for rocking
The tower ! Rebecca cried,
As over the church battlements
She strode with a long stride.

A blessing on St. Michael's chair !
She said as she sat down :
Merrily merrily rung the bells
And Rebecca was shook to the ground.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought
That his good wife was dead :
Now shall we toll for her poor soul
The great church-bell ? they said.

Toll at her burying, quoth Richard Penlake,
Toll at her burying, quoth he ;
But don't disturb the ringers now
In compliment to me.

R. S. Y.

The MORNING MIST.

Look, WILLIAM, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene,
Nor house nor hill canst thou behold,
Grey wood, or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
These floating vapours shroud,
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars seen,
Pale shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way,
Thro' clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the grey wood and meadow green
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world
The clouds shall pass away ;
The light that struggles thro' them now
Shall beam eternal day.

ERTHUSYO.

To the *BURNIE** *BEE*.

Blythe son of summer, furl thy filmy wing,
 Alight beside me on this bank of moss ;
 Yet to its sides the lingering shadows cling,
 And sparkling dew's the dark-green tufts imboss.

Here may'st thou freely quaff the nectar'd sweet
 That in the violet's purple chalice hides,
 Here on the lily scent thy fringed feet,
 Or with the wild-thymes balm anoint thy sides.

Back o'er thy shoulders throw those ruby shards
 With many a tiny coal-black freckle deckt,
 My watchful look thy loitering saunter guards,
 My ready hand thy footstep shall protect.

* A provincial name of the beetle *coccinella*, or lady-bird.

Daunted by me beneath this trembling bough
 On forked wing no greedy swallow sails,
 No hopping sparrow pries for food below,
 Nor evet lurks, nor dusky blindworm trails.

Nor shall the swarthy gaoler for thy way
 His grate of twinkling threads successful strain,
 With venom'd trunk thy writhing members slay,
 Or from thy heart the reeking life's-blood drain.

Forego thy wheeling in the sunny air
 Thy glancing to the envious insects round,
 To the dim calmness of my bower repair,
 Silence and Coolness keep its hallowed ground.

Here to the elves who sleep in flowers by day
 Thy softest hum in lulling whispers pour,
 Or o'er the lovely band thy shield display
 When blue-eyed twilight sheds her dewy shower.

So shall the fairy-train by glow-worm light
 With rainbow tints thy folding pennons fret,
 Thy scaly breast in deeper azure dight,
 Thy burnish'd armour speck with glossier jet.

With viewless fingers weave thy wintry tent,
 And line with gossamer thy pendant cell,
 Safe in the rift of some lone ruin pent
 Where ivy shelters from the storm-wind fell.

Blest if like thee I cropt with heedless spoil
 The gifts of youth and pleasure in their bloom,
 Doom'd for no coming winter's want to toil,
 Fit for the spring that waits beyond the tomb.

R. O.

INSCRIPTIONS, by ROBERT SOUTHEY.

INSCRIPTION I.

For the Banks of the HAMPSHIRE AVON.

A little while, O Traveller ! linger here,
 And let thy leisure eye behold and feel
 The beauties of the place ; yon heathy hill
 That rises sudden from the vale so green,
 The vale far stretching as the view can reach
 Under its long dark ridge, the river here
 That, like a serpent, thro' the grassy mead
 Winds on, now hidden, glittering now in light.
 Nor fraught with merchant wealth, nor fam'd in song,
 This river rolls ; an unobtrusive tide
 Its gentle charms may soothe and satisfy
 Thy feelings. Look ! how bright its pebbled bed
 Gleams thro' the ruffled current ; and that bank
 With flag leaves bordered, as with two-edged swords !
 See where the water wrinkles round the stem

Of yonder water lilly whose broad leaf
 Lies on the wave,—and art thou not refresh'd
 By the fresh odour of the running stream?
 Soon Traveller! does the river reach the end
 Of all its windings: from the near ascent
 Thou wilt behold the ocean where it pours
 Its waters and is lost. Remember thou,
 Traveller! that even so thy restless years
 Flow to the ocean of eternity.

INSCRIPTION II.

For a Monument at OXFORD, opposite Balliol gate-way.

Here Latimer and Ridley in the flames
 Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast walk'd
 Uprightly thro' the world, proud thoughts of joy
 Will fill thy breast in contemplating here
 Congenial virtue. But if thou hast swerved
 From the right path, if thou hast sold thy soul
 And served, a hireling, with apostate zeal,
 The cause thy heart disowns, oh! cherish well
 The honourable shame that sure this place
 Will wake within thee, timely penitent,
 And let the future expiate the past.

INSCRIPTION III.

For a Monument in the VALE of EWIAS.

Here was it Stranger, that the patron Saint
 Of Cambria past his age of penitence;
 A solitary man; and here he made
 His hermitage, the roots his food, his drink
 Of Hodney's mountain stream. Perchance thy youth
 Has read with eager wonder how the Knight
 Of Wales in Ormandine's enchanted bower,
 Slept the long sleep: and if that in thy veins
 Flows the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
 Has flow'd with quicker impulse at the tale
 Of David's deeds, when thro' the press of war
 His gallant comrades followed his green crest
 To conquest. Stranger! Hatterill's mountain heights
 And this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream
 Of Hodney, to thine after-thoughts will rise
 More grateful, thus associate with the name
 Of David and the deeds of other days.

INSCRIPTION IV.

 EPITAPH on KING JOHN.

John rests below. A man more infamous
 Has never held the sceptre of these realms,
 And bruised beneath the iron rod of Power,
 The oppressed men of England. Englishman!
 Curse not his memory. Murderer as he was,
 Coward and slave, yet he it was who sign'd
 That charter which should make thee morn and night
 Be thankful for thy birth-place: Englishman!
 That holy charter, which, should'st thou permit
 Force to destroy, or Fraud to undermine,
 Thy children's groans will persecute thy soul,
 For they must bear the burthen of thy crime.

INSCRIPTION V.

In a FOREST.

Stranger ! whose steps have reach'd this solitude,
 Know that this lonely spot was dear to one
 Devoted with no unrequited zeal
 To Nature. Here, delighted he has heard
 The rustling of these woods, that now perchance
 Melodious to the gale of summer move,
 And underneath their shade on yon smooth rock
 With grey and yellow lichens overgrown,
 Often reclined, watching the silent flow
 Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals
 Along its verdant course, till all around
 Had fill'd his senses with tranquillity,
 And ever sooth'd in spirit he return'd .
 A happier, better, man. Stranger, perchance
 Therefore the stream more lovely to thine eye
 Will glide along, and to the summer gale
 The woods wave more melodious. Cleanse thou then
 The weeds and mosses from this letter'd stone.

INSCRIPTION VI.

For a MONUMENT at TAUNTON.

They perish'd here whom Jefferies doom'd to death
 In mockery of all justice, when he came
 The bloody Judge, the minion of his King,
 Commission'd to destroy. They perish'd here
 The victims of that Judge and of that King,
 In mockery of all justice perish'd here,
 Unheard ! but not unpitied, nor of God
 Unseen, the innocent suffered ! not in vain
 The Widow and the Orphan, not in vain
 The innocent blood cried vengeance ! for they rose,
 At length they rose, the People in their power,
 Resistless. Then in vain that bloody Judge
 Disguis'd, sought flight : not always is the Lord
 Slow to revenge ! a miserable man
 He fell beneath the people's rage, and still
 The children curse his memory. From his throne
 The sullen bigot who commission'd him,

The tyrant James was driven. He lived to drag
 Long years of frustrate hope, he lived to load
 More blood upon his soul. Let tell the Boyne,
 Let Londonderry tell his guilt and shame,
 And that immortal day when on thy shores
 La Hogue, the purple ocean dash'd the dead !

INSCRIPTION VII.

*For a **TABLET** at **PENSHURST.***

Are days of old familiar to thy mind
 O Reader? hast thou let the midnight hour
 Pass unperceived, whilst thy young Fancy lived
 With high-born beauties and enamour'd chiefs,
 Shared all their hopes, and with a breathless joy
 Whose eager expectation almost pain'd,
 Followed their dangerous fortunes? if such lore
 Has ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt tread
 As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts
 The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,
 Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
 His own delightful genius ever feign'd
 Illustrating the vales of Arcady
 With courteous courage and with loyal loves.
 Upon his natal day the acorn here
 Was planted. It grew up a stately oak,

And in the beauty of its strength it stood
 And flourish'd, when his perishable part
 Had moulder'd dust to dust. That stately oak
 Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's fame
 Lives and shall live, immortalized in song.

STANZAS,

Written on the SEA-SHORE, in 1792.

As o'er the sands the youthful Cinthio stray'd,
 Moist from the wave, he saw a pebble shine;
 And with its borrow'd lustre charm'd, he said,
 "Henceforth this sparkling treasure shall be mine."

But when his hand had dried the glist'ning prey,
 Surpriz'd he found the pebble beam'd no more;
 And then, resolv'd to throw the cheat away,
 He frowning, whirl'd it to its native shore.

Suppress thy rage sweet boy ! and on thy heart
 Let this mischance a moral truth impress :
 To blunt the power of disappointment's dart,
 And make the dangerous sway of fancy, less.

As o'er the pebble's form the waves had shed
 In silver dew attraction's smiling power,
 So Fancy's hand delights in youth to spread
 Delusive colours on the future hour.

Moist from her pencil, tempting scenes arise ;
 On common life, Romances tints she lays,
 'Till cold Reality her hand applies
 And at the touch each flatter'd form decays.

Ah dearest boy ! warn'd by experience, now
 The pebble's form shall tempt thine eye no more ;
 Would that my verse my Cinthio ! could bestow,
 A shield to guard thee against *Fancy's* power.

AMELIA OPIL.

KING HENRY V. and the HERMIT of DREUX.

While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest Hermit unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought on Christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God; wherefore in his holy name he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment, if he desisted not from his enterprizes. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion of the Dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening; for within some few months after, he was smitten with a strange and incurable disease.

Mexemay.

He past unquestioned thro' the camp,

Their heads the soldiers bent

In silent reverence, or begg'd

A blessing as he went;

And so the Hermit past along

And reach'd the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone

The map before him lay,

Fresh conquests he was planning there

To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes
The intruder to behold,
With reverence he the hermit saw,
For he was very old,
His look was gentle as a Saint's
And yet his eye was bold.

Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
That thou hast done this land,
O King repent in time, for know
The judgement is at hand.

I have past forty years of peace
Beside the river Blaise,
But what a weight of woe hast thou
Laid on my latter days.

I used to see along the stream
The white sail sailing down,
That wafted food in better times
To yonder peaceful town.

Henry! I never now behold
The white sail sailing down;
Famine, Disease, and Death and Thou
Destroy that wretched town.

I used to hear the traveller's voice
 As here he past along,
 Or maiden as she loiter'd home
 Singing her even-song.

I never hear the traveller's voice,
 In fear he hastens by,
 But I have heard the village maid
 In vain for succour cry.

I used to see the youths row here
 And watch the dripping oar,
 As pleasantly their viols tones
 Came softened to the shore.

King Henry many a blacken'd corpse
 I now see floating down !
 Thou bloody man ! repent in time
 And leave this leager'd town.

I shall go on, King Henry cried
 And conquer this good land,
 Seest thou not Hermit that the Lord
 Has given it to my hand ?

The Hermit heard King Henry speak
 And angrily look'd down,—
 His face was gentle and for that
 More solemn was his frown.

What if no miracle from heaven
 The murderers arm controul,
 Think you for that the weight of blood
 Lies lighter on his soul?

Thou conqueror King repent in time
 Or dread the coming woe,
 For Henry thou hast heard the threat
 And soon shalt feel the blow.

King Henry forced a careless smile,
 As the Hermit went his way ;
 But Henry soon remembered him
 Upon his dying day.

The AFFECTIONATE HEART.

By JOSEPH COTTLE.

Let the great man, his treasures possessing,
Pomp and splendour for ever attend :
I prize not the shadowy blessing,
I ask—the affectionate friend.

Tho' foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,
His footstep from wisdom depart ;
Yet, my spirit shall never forsake him,
If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection ! thou soother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove ;
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

'Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
And the storms of mortality's state ;
What shall lull the afflicted to rest,
But the joys that on sympathy wait ?

What is Fame, bidding Envy defiance,
 The idol and bane of mankind ;
 What is wit, what is learning, or science,
 To the heart that is stedfast and kind ?

Even Genius may weary the sight,
 By too fierce and too constant a blaze ;
 But Affection, mild planet of night !
 Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms,
 That encircle creation decay ;
 It shall live mid the wide-wasting storms,
 That bear all undistinguish'd away.

When Time, at the end of his race,
 Shall expire with expiring mankind ;
 It shall stand on its permanent base ;
 It shall last till the wreck of the *mind*.

OLD CHRISTOVAL'S ADVICE,

And the reason why he gave it.

Recibió un Cavallero, paraque cultivasse sus tierras, à un Quintero, y para pagarle algo adelantado le pidió fiador, y no teniendo quien le fiasse, le prometió delante del sepulcro de San Isidro, que cumpliria su palabra, y si no, que el Santo le castigasse: con lo qual el Cavallero le pagó toda su soldada, y le fió. Mas desagradecido aquel hombre, no haciendo caso de su promessa, se huyó, sin acabar de servir el tiempo concertado. Passó de noche sin reparar en ella, por la Iglesia de San Andrés, donde estaba el cuerpo del siervo de Dios. Fué cosa maravillosa, que andando corriendo toda la noche, no se apartó de la Iglesia, sino que toda se le fué en dar mil bueltas al rededor de ella, hasta que por la mañana, yendo el amo a quejarse de San Isidro, y pedirle cumpliesse su fianza, halló à su Quintero alli, dando mas y mas bueltas, sin poderse haver apartado de aquel sitio. Pidió perdon al Santo, y a su amo, al qual satisfizo despues enteramente por su trabajo.

Flos Sanctorum, por Alonso de Villegas.

If thy debtor be poor, old Christoval cried,
 Exact not too hardly thy due,
 For he who preserves a poor man from want
 May preserve him from wickedness too.

If thy neighbour should sin, old Christoval cried,
 Never never unmerciful be !
 For remember it is by the mercy of God
 That thou art not as wicked as he.

At sixty and seven the hope of heaven
 Is my comfort, old Christoval cried,
 But if God had cut me off in my youth
 I might not have gone there when I died.

You shall have the farm, young Christoval,
 My good master Henrique said,
 But a surety provide, in whom I can confide,
 That duly the rent shall be paid.

I was poor and I had not a friend on earth,
 And I knew not what to say,
 We stood by the porch of St. Andres' church,
 And it was on St. Isidro's day.

Accept for my surety St. Isidro,
 I ventured to make reply,
 The Saint in Heaven may perhaps be my friend,
 But friendless on earth am I.

We enter'd the church and came to his grave

And I fell on my bended knee ;

I am friendless, holy St. Isidro,

And I venture to call upon thee.

I call upon thee my surety to be,

Thou knowest my honest intent,

And if ever I break my plighted word

Let thy vengeance make me repent !

I was idle, the day of payment came on,

And I had not the money in store,

I fear'd the wrath of St. Isidro

But I fear'd Henrique more.

On a dark dark night I took my flight

And hastily fled away,

It chanced by St. Andres' church

The road I had chosen lay.

As I pass'd the door I thought what I had swore

Upon St. Isidro's day,

And I seem'd to fear because he was near,

And faster I hasten'd away.

So all night long I hurried on—
 Pacing full many a mile,
 I knew not his avenging hand
 Was on me all the while.

Weary I was, and safe I thought,
 But when it was day-light
 I had I found been running round
 And round the church all night.

I shook like a palsy and fell on my knees
 And for pardon devoutly I pray'd :
 When my master came up—what Christoval,
 You are here betimes, he said.

I have been idle good master ! I cried,
 Good master and I have been wrong,
 And I have been running round the church
 In penance all night long.

If thou hast been idle, Henrique said,
 Go home and thy fault amend ;
 I will not oppress thee Christoval,
 May the Saint thy labour befriend.

Homeward I went a penitent,
And I never was idle more ;
St. Isidro blest my industry
As he punish'd my fault before.

When my debtor was poor, old Christoval said,
I have never exacted my due,
I remembered Henrique was good to me
And copied his goodness too.

When my neighbour has sinn'd, old Christoval said,
I have ever forgiven his sin,
For I thought of the night by St. Andres' church
And remember'd what I might have been.

Living without GOD in the WORLD.

By CHARLES LAMB.

Mystery of God ! thou brave and beauteous world,
 Made fair with light and shade and stars and flowers,
 Made fearful and august with woods and rocks,
 Jagg'd precipice, black mountain, sea in storms,
 Sun, over all, that no co-rival owns,
 But thro' Heaven's pavement rides as in despite
 Or mockery of the littleness of man !
 I see a mighty arm, by man unseen,
 Resistless, not to be controul'd, that guides,
 In solitude of unshared energies,
 All these thy ceaseless miracles, O world !
 Arm of the world, I view thee, and I muse
 On Man, who trusting in his mortal strength,
 Leans on a shadowy staff, a staff of dreams.

We consecrate our total hopes and fears
 To idols, flesh and blood, our love, (heaven's due)
 Our praise and admiration ; praise bestowed
 By man on man, and acts of worship done
 To a kindred nature, certes do reflect
 Some portion of the glory and rays oblique
 Upon the politic worshipper,—so man
 Extracts a pride from his humility.
 Some braver spirits of the modern stamp
 Affect a Godhead nearer : these talk loud
 Of mind, and independant intellect,
 Of energies omnipotent in man,
 And man of his own fate artificer ;
 Yea of his own life Lord, and of the days
 Of his abode on earth, when time shall be,
 That life immortal shall become an art,
 Or Death, by chymic practices deceived,
 Forego the scent, which for six thousand years
 Like a good hound he has followed, or at length
 More manners learning, and a decent sense
 And reverence of a philosophic world,
 Relent, and leave to prey on carcasses.

But these are fancies of a few : the rest,
Atheists, or Deists only in the name,
By word or deed deny a God. They eat
Their daily bread, and draw the breath of heaven
Without or thought or thanks ; heavens roof to them
Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps,
No more, that lights them to their purposes.
They wander " loose about," they nothing see,
Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
Short-liv'd, short-sighted, impotent to save.
So on their dissolute spirits, soon or late,
Destruction cometh " like an armed man,"
Or like a dream of murder in the night,
Withering their mortal faculties, and breaking
The bones of all their pride.

The SONS of GENIUS.

Bright bursting thro' the awful veil of night
 The lunar beams upon the ocean play,
 The watry billows shine with trembling light
 Where the swift breezes skim along the sea.

The glimmering stars in yon etherial plain
 Grow pale and fade before the lucid beams
 Save where fair Venus shining oe'r the main
 Conspicuous still with fainter radiance gleams.

Clear is the azure firmament above,
 Save where the white cloud floats upon the breeze,
 All tranquil is the bosom of the grove
 Save where the Zephyr warbles thro' the trees.

Now the poor shepherd wandering to his home
 Surveys the darkening scene with fearful eye,
 On every green sees little Elfin roam
 And haggard Sprites along the moon-beams fly.

Whilst Superstition rules the vulgar soul,
 Forbids the energies of man to rise,
 Rais'd far above her low, her mean controul,
 Aspiring Genius seeks her native skies.

She loves the silent solitary hours,
 She loves the stillness of the starry night,
 When o'er the brightening view Selene pours
 The soft effulgence of her pensive light.

'Tis then disturb'd not by the glare of day
 To mild tranquillity alone resign'd,
 Reason extends her animating sway
 O'er the calm empire of the peaceful mind.

Before her lucid all-enlightening ray,
 The pallid Spectres of the night retire,
 She drives the gloomy terrors far away
 And fills the bosom with celestial fire.

Inspired by her the sons of Genius rise
 Above all earthly thoughts, all vulgar care,
 Wealth, power and grandeur, they alike despise,
 Enraptur'd by the good, the great, the fair.

A thousand varying joys to them belong
 The charms of Nature and her changeful scenes,
 Theirs is the music of the vernal song
 And theirs the colors of the vernal plains.

Theirs is the purple-fing'd evening ray
 With all the radiance of the morning sky,
 Theirs is the splendour of the risen day
 Enshrined in glory by the sun's bright eye.

For them the zephyr fans the odorous dale,
 For them the warbling streamlet softly flows,
 For them the Dryads shade the verdant vale,
 To them sweet Philomel attunes her woes.

To them no wakeful moon-beam shines in vain
 On the dark bosom of the trackless wood,
 Sheds its mild radiance o'er the desert plain
 Or softly glides along the chrystal flood,

Yet not alone delight the soft and fair
 Alike the grander scenes of Nature move,
 Yet not alone her beauties claim their care,
 The great, sublime and terrible, they love.

The sons of Nature they alike delight
 In the rough precipices broken steep,
 In the black terrors of the stormy night,
 And in the thunders of the threatening deep ;

When the red lightnings thro' the ether fly,
 And the white foaming billows lash the shores,
 When to the rattling thunders of the sky
 The angry Dæmon of the waters roars.

And when untouch'd by Nature's living fires
 No native rapture fills the drowsy soul,
 Then former ages with their tuneful lyres
 Can bid the fury of the passions fall.

By the blue taper's melancholy light
 Whilst all around the midnight torrents pour,
 And awful glooms beset the face of night
 They wear the silent solitary hour.

Ah then, how sweet to pass the night away
 In silent converse with the Grecian page,
 Whilst Homer tunes his ever-living lay,
 Or Reason listens to the Athenian sage.

To scan the laws of Nature, to explore
 The tranquil reign of mild Philosophy,
 Or on Newtonian wings sublime to soar
 Thro' the bright regions of the starry sky.

Ah! who can paint what raptures fill the soul
 When Attic Freedom rises to the war,
 Bids the loud thunders of the battle roll
 And drives the Tyrant trembling from her shore?

From these pursuits the Sons of Genius scan
 The end of their creation, hence they know
 The fair, sublime, immortal hopes of man
 From whence alone undying pleasures flow.

By science calm'd, over the peaceful soul,
 Bright with eternal wisdom's lucid ray,
 Peace, meek of eye, extends her soft controul,
 And drives the fury passions far away.

Virtue, the daughter of the skies supreme,
 Directs their life, informs their glowing lays,
 A steady friend, her animating beam
 Sheds its soft lustre o'er their latter days.

When Life's warm fountains feel the frost of time,
 When the cold dews of darkness close their eyes,
 She shows the parting soul uprais'd sublime,
 The brighter glories of her kindred skies.

Thus the pale moon whose pure celestial light
 Has chased the gloomy clouds of heaven away,
 Rests her white cheek with silver radiance bright
 On the soft bosom of the western sea.

Lost in the glowing wave her radiance dies,
 Yet while she sinks she points her ling'ring ray
 To the bright azure of the orient skies,
 To the fair dawning of the glorious day.

Like the tumultuous billows of the sea
 Succeed the generations of mankind,
 Some in oblivious silence pass away
 And leave no vestige of their lives behind.

Others, like those proud waves which beat the shore
 A loud and momentary murmur raise,
 But soon their transient glories are no more,
 No future ages echo with their praise.

Like yon proud rocks amidst the sea of time
 Superior scorning all the billow's rage,
 The living Sons of Genius stand sublime,
 The immortal children of another age.

For those exist whose pure ethereal minds
 Imbibing portions of celestial day,
 Scorn all terrestrial cares, all mean designs,
 As bright-eyed Eagles scorn the lunar ray.

Theirs is the glory of a lasting name
 The meed of Genius and her living fires,
 Theirs is the laurel of eternal fame,
 And theirs the sweetness of the Muses lyres.

D. 1795.

The EBB TIDE.

Slowly thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood side,
Behold the gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
And yet the eye beheld them labouring long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlaboured boat falls rapidly along,
The solitary helms-man sits to guide
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks, that lay
So silent late, the shallow current roars ;
Fast flow thy waters on their sea-ward way
Thro' wider-spreading shores.

Avon ! I gaze and know
 The wisdom emblomed in thy varying way,
 It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
 So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms that long have stood
 And slow to strength and power attain'd at last,
 Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
 Ebb to their ruin fast.

So tardily appears
 The course of time to manhood's envied stage,
 Alas ! how hurryingly the ebbing years
 Then hasten to old age !

ERTHUSYO.

ELLEN,

By JOSEPH COTTLE.

Regardless of the boisterous scene,
On the cold and rocky shore ;
The wretched Ellen sate serene,
Nor heard the troubled Ocean's roar.
She look'd upon the evening star,
And whilst the waves approach'd, she cried,
" Oh Edward ! Edward ! why so far
" From me, thy sad and plighted bride."
She look'd upon the twilight ray
That linger'd in the western sky,
And cried, " Oh Edward ! wherefore, say,
" That Ellen thus should sit and sigh ?
" Dost thou now thy promise rue ?
" Art thou false as I am true ?

"Soul of all on Earth I prize !

"What should keep thee from my arms ?

"Hast thou found mid other skies,

"Fonder maid or brighter charms ?

"Brighter charms thou mayst have found,

"Where thy restless feet have stray'd ;

"But never, never, earth around,

"Wilt thou find a fonder maid.

"Cruel Edward ! why deride me ?

"Why forget thy vows sincere ?

"Cruel Edward ! I could chide thee,

"But, tho' false, thou yet art dear.

"Heart ! be still ! thy anguish smother ;

"He is wedded to another !"

On a rock the Maiden stood

And to the ocean told her tale ;

She did not see the rising flood,

She did not feel the driving gale.

The waters flow, the waters rise,

They swell, they reach the Maiden's feet,

She looks around with startled eyes,

She looks, and there is no retreat :—

She calls for help, the waves reply,
Her shriek is mingled with the storm,
She saw a Spirit beck'ning nigh,
'Twas her own true Lover's form ;
He came, he caught her parting breath
She did not feel the pang of Death.

KING CHARLEMAGNE.

François Petrarque, fort renommé entre les Poëtes Italiens, discourant en une epistre son voyage de France et de l'Allemagne, nous raconte que passant par la ville d'Aix, il apprit de quelque prestres une histoire prodigeuse qu'ils tenoient de main en main pour tres veritable. Qui estoit que Charles le Grand, apres avoir conquesté plusieurs pays, s'esperdit de telle façon en l'amour d'une simple femme, que mettant tout honneur et reputation en arriere, il oublia non seulement les affaires de son royaume, mais aussi le soing de sa propre personne, au grand desplaisir de chacun; estant seulement ententif à courtiser ceste dame: laquelle par bonheur commença à s'aliter d'une grosse maladie, qui lui apporta la mort. Dont les Princes et grands Seigneurs fort resjouis, esperans que par ceste mort, Charles reprendroit comme devant et ses esprits et les affaires du royaume en main: toutesfois il se trouva tellement infatué de ceste amour, qu'encores cherissoit-il ce cadaver, l'embrassant, baisant, accolant de la mesme façon que devant, et au lieu de prester l'oreille aux legations qui luy survenoient, il l'entretenoit de mille beyes, comme s'il eust esté plein de vie. Ce corps commençoit déjà non seulement à mal sentir, mais aussi se tournoit en putrefaction, et neantmoins n'y avoit aucun de ses favoris qui luy en osast parler; dont advint que l'Archevesque Turpin mieux advisé que les autres, pourpensa que telle chose ne pouvoit estre advenue sans quelque sorcellerie. Au moyen de quoy espiant un jour l'heure que le Roy s'estoit absenté de la chambre, commença de fouiller le corps de toutes parts, finalement trouva dans sa bouche au dessous de sa langue un anneau qu'il luy osta. Le jour mesme Charlemagne retournant sur ses pre-

mieres brisees, se trouva fort estonné de voir une carcasse ainsi puante. Parquoy, comme s'il se fust resveillé d'un profond sommeil, commanda que l'on l'ensevelist promptement. Ce qui fut fait; mais en contr'eschange de ceste folie, il tourna tous ses pensemens vers l'Archevesque porteur de cest anneau, ne pouvant estre de là en avant sans luy, et le suivant en tous les endroits. Quoy voyant ce sage Prelat, et craignant que cest anneau ne tombast en mains de quelque autre, le jetta dans un lac prochain de la ville. Depuis lequel temps on dit que ce Roy se trouve si espris de l'amour du lieu, qu'il ne desempara la ville d'Aix, où il bastit un Palais, et un Monastere, en l'un desquels il parfit le reste de ses jours et en l'autre voulut estre ensevely, ordonnant par son testament que tous les Empereurs de Rome eussent à se faire sacrer premierement en ce lieu.

*Les Recherches de la France, d'Estienne
Pasquier. PARIS. 1611.*

It was strange that he loved her, for youth was gone by
And the bloom of her beauty was fled,
'Twas the glance of the harlot that gleam'd in her eye,
And all but the Monarch disgusted descri
The art that had tinged her cheek red.

Yet he thought with Agatha none might compare,
That Kings might be proud of her chain ;
The court was a desert if she were not there,
She only was lovely, she only was fair,
Such dotage possess'd Charlemagne.

The soldier, the statesman, the courtier, the maid,
 Alike this their rival detest ;
 And the good old Archbishop who ceas'd to upbraid,
 Shook his grey head in sorrow, and silently pray'd
 To sing her the requiem of rest.

A joy ill-dissembled soon gladdens them all,
 For Agatha sickens and dies.
 And now they are ready with bier and with pall,
 The tapers gleam gloomy amid the high hall,
 And the bell tolls long thro' the skies.

They came, but he sent them in anger away,
 For she should not be buried, he said ;
 And despite of all counsel, for many a day,
 Array'd in her costly apparel she lay,
 And he would go sit by the dead.

The cares of the kingdom demand him in vain,
 The army in vain ask their Lord ;
 The Lombards, the fierce misbelievers of Spain,
 Now ravage the realms of the proud Charlemagne,
 And still he unsheathes not the sword.

The Soldiers they clamour, the Priests bend in prayer
 In the quiet retreats of the cell ;
 The Physicians to counsel together repair,
 They pause and they ponder, at last they declare
 That his senses are bound by a spell.

With relics protected, and confident grown
 And telling devoutly his beads,
 The Archbishop prepares him, and when it was known,
 That the King for awhile left the body alone,
 To search for the spell he proceeds.

Now careful he searches with tremulous haste
 For the spell that bewitches the King ;
 And under the tongue for security placed,
 Its margin with mystical characters faced,
 At length he discovers a ring.

Exulting he seiz'd it and hasten'd away,
 The Monarch re-entered the room,
 The enchantment was ended, and suddenly gay
 He bade the attendants no longer delay
 But bear her with speed to the tomb.

Now merriment, joyaunce and feasting again
 Enlivened the palace of Aix,
 And now by his heralds did King Charlemagne
 Invite to his palace the courtier train
 To hold a high festival day.

And anxiously now for the festival day
 The highly-born Maidens prepare,
 And now all apparell'd in costly array,
 Exulting they come to the palace of Aix,
 Young and aged, the brave, and the fair.

Oh ! happy the Damsel who 'mid her compeers
 For a moment engaged the King's eye !
 Now glowing with hopes and now fever'd with fears
 Each maid or triumphant or jealous appears
 As noticed by him or past by.

And now as the evening approach'd, to the ball
 In anxious suspense they advance,
 Each hoped the King's choice on her beauties might fall,
 When lo ! to the utter confusion of all,
 He asked the Archbishop to dance.

The damsels they laugh and the barons they stare,
 'Twas mirth and astonishment all,
 And the Archbishop started and muttered a prayer,
 And, wrath at receiving such mockery there,
 Withdrew him in haste from the hall.

The moon dimpled over the water with light
 As he wander'd along the lake side,
 When lo ! where beside him the King met his sight,
 " Oh turn thee Archbishop, my joy and delight,
 ' " Oh turn thee my charmer," he cried,

" Oh come where the feast and the dance and the song
 " Invite thee to mirth and to love ;
 " Or at this happy moment away from the throng
 " To the shade of yon wood let us hasten along—
 " The moon never pierces that grove."

Amazement and anger the prelate possess,
 With terror his accents he heard,
 Then Charlemagne warmly and eagerly prest
 The Archbishop's old wither'd hand to his breast
 And kiss'd his old grey grizzle beard.

"Let us well then these fortunate moments employ!"

Cried the Monarch with passionate tone :

"Come away then dear charmer—my angel—my joy,

"Nay struggle not now—'tis in vain to be coy—

"And remember that we are alone."

"Blessed Mary protect me!" the Archbishop cried;

"What madness is come to the King!"

In vain to escape from the Monarch he tried,

When luckily he on his finger espied

The glitter of Agatha's ring.

Overjoy'd, the old Prelate remembered the spell,

And far in the lake flung the ring;

The waters closed round it, and, wond'rous to tell,

Releas'd from the cursed enchantment of hell,

His reason returned to the King.

But he built him a palace there close by the bay,

And there did he 'stablish his reign;

And the traveller who will, may behold at this day

A monument now in the ruins at Aix

Of the spell that possess'd Charlemagne.

VERSES

*Intended to have been addressed to HIS GRACE THE DUKE
OF PORTLAND, Chancellor of the University, &c. On
his Installation, 1793.*

In evil hour, and with unhallow'd voice
Profaning the pure gift of Poesy,
Did he begin to sing, he first who-sung
Of arms, and combats, and the proud array
Of warriors on the embattled plain, and rais'd
The aspiring spirit to hopes of fair renown
By deeds of violence. For since that time
The imperious Victor, oft, unsatisfied
With bloody spoil and tyrannous conquest, dares
To challenge fame and honour; and too oft
The Poet bending low to lawless power
Hath paid unseemly reverence, yea, and brought
Streams, clearest of the Aonian fount, to wash
Blood-stain'd Ambition. If the stroke of War

Fell certain on the guilty head, none else ;
 If they that make the cause might taste the effect,
 And drink themselves the bitter cup they mix,
 Then might the Bard (tho' child of Peace) delight
 To twine fresh wreaths around the Conqueror's brow,
 Or haply strike his high-toned harp to swell
 The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on,
 Whom Justice arms for vengeance : but alas !
 That undistinguishing and deathful storm
 Beats heaviest on the exposed innocent ;
 And they that stir its fury, while it raves,
 Stand at safe distance ; send their mandate forth
 Unto the mortal ministers that wait
 To do their bidding ;—Ah, who then regards
 The widow's tears, the friendless orphan's cry,
 And famine, and the ghastly train of woes
 That follow at the dogged heels of War ?
 They in the pomp and pride of victory
 Rejoicing, o'er the desolated earth,
 As at an altar wet with human blood,
 And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
 Sing their mad hymns of triumph, hymns to God
 O'er the destruction of his gracious works,
 Hymns to the Father o'er his slaughter'd sons.

Detested be their sword, abhorr'd their name,
 And scorn'd the tongues that praise them ! Happier, Tho
 Of peace and science Friend, hast held thy course
 Blameless and pure, and such is thy renown.
 And let that secret voice within thy breast
 Approve thee, then shall those high sounds of praise
 Which thou hast heard, be as sweet harmony,
 Beyond this concave to the starry sphere
 Ascending, where the Spirits of the blest
 Hear it well pleas'd. For Fame can enter Heaven
 If Truth and Virtue lead her ; else forbid,
 She rises not above this earthy spot ;
 And then her voice, transient and valueless,
 Speaks only to the herd. With other praise,
 And worthier duty may she tend on Thee ;
 Follow Thee still with honour, such as Time
 Shall never violate, and with just applause,
 Such as the Wise and Good might love to share.

To a COLLEGE CAT.

Written soon after the Installation at Oxford, 1793.

Toll on, toll on, old Bell ! I'll neither pray
 Nor sleep away the hour. The fire burns bright,
 And, bless the maker of this great-arm'd chair,
 This is the throne of comfort ! I will sit
 And study most devoutly : not my Euclid,
 For God forbid that I should discompose
 That spider's excellent geometry !
 I'll study thee Puss : not to make a picture—
 I hate your canvass cats and dogs and fools,
 Themes that pollute the pencil ! let me see
 The Patriot's actions start again to life
 And I will bless the artist who awakes

The throb of emulation. Thou shalt give
 A better lesson Puss !—come look at me !
 Lift up thine emerald eyes ! aye, purr away,
 For I am praising thee I tell thee Puss,
 And Cats as well as Kings love flattery.
 For three whole days I heard an old Fur Gown
 Beprais'd, that made a Duke a Chancellor :
 Trust me, tho' I can sing most pleasantly
 Upon thy well-streak'd coat, to that said Fur
 I was not guilty of a single rhyme !
 'Twas an old turn-coat Fur, that would sit easy
 And wrap round any man, so it were tied
 With a blue ribband.

What a magic lies
 In beauty ! thou on this forbidden ground
 Mayest range, and when the Fellow looks at thee
 Straight he forgets the *statute. Swell thy tail
 And stretch thy claws, most Democratic beast,

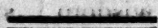
* The Statute that excludes Cats, Dogs, and *all other singing birds*, from the College precincts.

I like thine independance ! treat thee well,
 Thou art as playful as young Innocence ;
 But if we play the Governor, and break
 The social compact, God has given thee claws,
 And thou hast sense to use them. Oh ! that man
 Would copy this thy wisdom ! spaniel fool
 He crouches down and licks his tyrant's hand
 And courts oppression. Wiser animal
 I gaze on thee, familiar not enslaved,
 And thinking how Affection's gentle hand
 Leads by a hair the †large-limb'd Elephant,
 With mingled pity and contempt behold
 His drivers goad the patient biped beast.

† Always encounter petulance with gentleness, and perverseness with kindness : a gentle hand will lead the Elephant itself by a hair.

From the Persian Rosary, by Eddin Sadi. Enfield's History of Philosophy,

SONG.



Think not while gayer swains invite
Thy feet dear Girl, to pleasure's bowers,
My faded form shall meet thy sight
And cloud my Laura's smiling hours.

Thou art the world's delighted guest,
And all the young admire, is thine ;
Then I'll not wound thy gentle breast
By numb'ring o'er the wounds of mine.

I will not say how well, how long,
This faithful heart has sigh'd for thee ;
But leave thee happier swains among,
Content, if thou contented be.

But Laura, should Misfortune's wand
Bid all thy youth's gay visions fly,
From thy soft cheek the rose command,
And force the lustre from thine eye ;

Then, thoughtless of my own distress,
I'll haste thy comforter to prove,
And Laura shall my *friendship* bless
Altho' alas ! she scorns my *love*.

A. OPIE. 1793.

The SONG of PLEASURE.

The genial influence of the day
Had chased the lingering cold away,
Borne upon the Zephyr's wing
Sweetly smiled the radiant Spring,
Her mild re-animating breath
Wakes Nature from her wintry death,
Attended by the laughing hours
She rises clad in flowers,
And lightly as she trips along
The vernal warblers raise the song.
Rich in a thousand radiant dyes
Around her steps the flowrets rise,
The Zephyr sports, the sun-beams sleep
On the blue bosom of the deep.

And now within my throbbing breast
 I feel the influence of the Spring,
 To ecstasy I tune my string,
 And garlanded with odorous flowers

I hasted to the shady grove,
 I hasted to the roseate bowers
 Where Pleasure dwells with Love.

There Youth and Love and Beauty bound
 The glowing rose my harp around,
 Then to the daughter of Desire
 To bright-eyed Pleasure gave the lyre,

She tuned the string
 And smiling softer than the rosy sea
 When the young Morning blushes on her breast,
 She raised the raptured lay,

I heard her sing
 The song lull'd every care and every thought to rest.

Sons of Nature hither haste,
 The blessings of existence taste ;
 Listen to my friendly lay

And your cares shall fly away
 Quick as fly the wintry snows
 When the vernal Zephyr blows.
 Let others courting War's alarms
 Seek the bloody field of arms,
 Let others with undaunted soul
 Bid Bellona's thunders roll,
 From the lightnings of their eye
 Let the trembling squadrons fly ;
 Sons of Nature you shall prove
 A softer fight, the fight of love.
 While you in soft repose are laid
 Underneath the myrtle shade,
 Amid the murky glooms of Death
 The Sons of Battle pant for breath.

Let the philosophic sage,
 His silver tresses white with age,
 Amid the chilling midnight damp
 Waste the solitary lamp,
 To scan the laws of Nature o'er
 The paths of Science to explore,

Curb'd beneath his harsh controul
 The blissful passions fly the soul.
 You the gentler sons of Joy
 Softer studies shall employ !
 He to curb the passions tries
 You shall bid them all arise,
 His wants he wishes to destroy
 You shall all your wants enjoy.
 Let the Laurel, Virtue's meed
 Crown his age-besilver'd head,
 The verdant laurel ever grows
 Amid the sullen winter's snows :
 Let the Rose the flower of bliss
 The soft unwrinkled temples kiss,
 Fann'd by the Zephyr's balmy wing
 The odorous Rose adorns the Spring.

Let the Patriot die to raise
 A lasting monument of praise,
 Ah fool, to tear the glowing rose
 From the mirth-encircled brows,
 That around his dusky tomb
 The ever verdant bay may bloom !

Let Ambition's sons alone
 Bow around the tottering throne,
 Fly at Glory's splendid rays,
 And moth-like die amidst a blaze,
 You shall bow and bow alone
 Before delicious Beauty's throne.
 Lo ! Theora treads the green,
 All breathing grace and harmony she moves
 Fair as the mother of the Loves.
 In graceful ringlets floats her golden hair.
 From the bright azure of her eye
 Expression's liquid lightnings fly,
 Her cheek is fair,
 Fair as the Lily when at dawning day
 Tinged with the morning's bright and purple ray.
 Yonder scented groves among
 She will listen to your song,

In yonder bower where roses bloom
 Where the myrtle breathes perfume,
 You shall at your ease recline
 And sip the soul-enlivening wine,

There the lyre with melting lay
 Shall bid the soul dissolve away.
 Soft as the morning sheds her purple light
 Thro' the dark azure of the night,
 So soft the God of Slumber sheds
 His roseate dew around your heads.

Such the blessings I bestow,
 Haste my Sons these blessings know !
 Behold the flowrets of the Spring
 They wanton in the zephyrs wing,
 They drink the matin ether blue,
 They sip the fragrant evening dew ;
 Man is but a short-lived flower,
 His bloom but for a changeable hour !
 Pass a little time away,
 The rosy cheek is turn'd to clay,
 No living joys, no transports burn
 In the dark sepulchral urn,
 No *Laurels* crown the fleshless brows,
 They fade together with the *Rose*.

D. 1796.

To INDOLENCE.

I do not woo thy presence, INDOLENCE!
Goddess, I would not rank
A votary in thy train.

I will not ask to wear thy fett'ring flowers,
O thou on whose cold lips
Faint plays the heartless smile!

Pale, sickly as the unkindly shaded fruit,
Thy languid cheek displays
No sunny hues of health;

There is no radiance in thy listless eye,
No active joy that fires
Its sudden glance with life.

I do not wish upon thy downy couch,
 As in a conscious dream,
 To doze away the hours,

Dead to all noble purposes of man,
 Useless among mankind,
 To live, unworthy life.

But to thy sister LEISURE I would pour
 The supplicating prayer,
 And woo her aid benign :

Nymph, on whose sunny cheek the hue of health
 Blooms like the ruddy fruit
 Matur'd by Southern rays ;

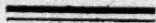
Whose eye beam sparkles to the speaking heart,
 Like the reflected noon
 Quick glancing on the waves.

Her would I pray that not for ever thus
 The ungentle voice of toil
 Might claim my daily task.

So should my hand a votive temple rear,
Through many a distant age
That undestroy'd should stand.

Long should the stately monument proclaim
That no ungrateful heart,
Goddess ! received thy boon.

R.

The FILBERT.

Nay gather not that Filbert, Nicholas,
 There is a maggot there,—it is his house—
 His castle—oh commit not burglary !
 Strip him not naked, 'tis his cloaths, his shell,
 His bones, the very armour of his life,
 And thou shalt do no murder Nicholas !
 It were an easy thing to crack that nut
 Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth,
 So easily may all things be destroyed !
 But 'tis not in the power of mortal man.
 To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.
 There were two great men once amused themselves
 With watching maggots run their wriggling race
 And wagering on their speed ; but Nick, to us
 It were no sport to see the pampered worm
 Roll out and then draw in his folds of fat,
 Like to some Barbers leathern powder bag
 Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers.
 Spruce Beau, or Lady fair, or Doctor grave.

Enough of dangers and of enemies
 Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm ordained,
 Increase not thou the number ! him the Mouse
 Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shells defence
 May from his native tenement eject ;
 Him may the Nut-hatch piercing with strong bill
 Unwittingly destroy, or to his hoard
 The Squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.
 Man also hath his dangers and his foes
 As this poor Maggot hath, and when I muse
 Upon the aches, anxieties and fears,
 The Maggot knows not, Nicholas methinks
 It were a happy metamorphosis
 To be enkernelled thus : never to hear
 Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,
 Kings, Jacobines and Tax-commissioners,
 To feel no motion but the wind that shook
 The Filbert Tree, and rock'd me to my rest ;
 And in the middle of such exquisite food
 To live luxurious ! the perfection this
 Of snugness ! it were to unite at once
 Hermit retirement, Aldermanic bliss,
 And Stoic independance of mankind.

THEODORIT.

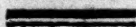
SONNET I.



Stately yon vessel sails adown the tide
 To some far-distant land adventurous bound,
 The sailors busy cries from side to side
 Pealing among the echoing rocks resound ;
 A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,
 Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
 With shouts exulting leave their native land,
 And know no care beyond the present day.
 But is there no poor mourner left behind,
 Who sorrows for a child or husband there ?
 Who at the howling of the midnight wind
 Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer ?
 So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind—
 Go gallant ship, and be thy fortune fair !

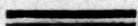
S.

SONNET II.



Beware a speedy friend, the Arabian said;
And wisely was it he advised distrust.
The flower that blossoms earliest fades the first.
Look at yon oak that lifts its stately head
And dallies with the autumnal storm, whose rage
Tempests the ocean waves ; slowly it rose,
Slowly its strength increas'd thro' many an age,
And timidly did its light leaves uncloset
As doubtful of the spring, their palest green.
They to the summer cautiously expand,
And by the warmer sun and season bland
Matured, their foliage in the grove is seen,
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs the last.

SONNET III.



O thou sweet Lark that in the heaven so high
Twinklest thy wings and singest merrily,

I watch thee soaring with no mean delight,
And when at last I turn mine aching eye

That lags, how far below thy lofty flight,
Still silently receive thy melody.

O thou sweet lark, that I had wings like thee!

Not for the joy it were in yon blue light

Upward to plunge, and from my heavenly height
Gaze on the creeping multitude below,

But that I soon would wing my eager flight
To that loved place where Fancy even now

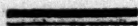
Has fled, and Hope looks onward thro' a tear,

Counting the weary hours that keep her here.

SONNET IV.

Oh ! 'tis a soft and sorrow-soothing sight,
The mellow moon at evening to behold
Lay on the level lake her liquid light,
And gild the green grove with her yellow gold.
Sweet to the lonely wanderer then to walk
With none but solitude, and only talk
Of his own sorrows, by himself, alone.
To hear poor Philomela's plaintive tale,
And hearken oft upon the dank night gale,
In sudden whiz the drowsy beetle's drone.
Sweet then to hear the owlet in the dale
Hoot from the hollow of her hallow'd throne,
And trace so tranquil in her track of trail,
Slow sliding o'er her slime, the slippery sleek slug snail.

SONNET V.



Harriot, the smile that plays upon thy cheek
Whene'er I greet thee, and the thrilling glance
Of those bright orbs, that wakes me from the trance
Where reason ponders, to my faint heart speak
Love's language ; ardently could I rejoice
In such sweet tokens, but I fear thine eye
Has learnt to beam with love's hypocrisy,
And siren wiles dwell in thy tuneful voice.
For now with studied eloquence thy tongue
Yields to its task, that tongue which to my sense
Was wont e'erwhile such magic charms dispense,
That on thy lips my trembling spirit hung,
Waiting new life.—Oh free me from my pain,
Speak as of yore, that I may love again.

SONNET .VI.

TO A GOOSE.

If thou didst feed on western plains of yore,
Or waddle wide with flat and flabby feet
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor,
Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat
From gipsey thieves, and foxes sly and fleet,
If thy grey quills by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,
Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,
Wailing the rigour of some lady fair;
Or of the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinion white besoil,
Departed Goose ! I neither know nor care.
But this I know, that thou wert very fine,
Season'd with sage, and onions, and port wine.

SONNET VII.

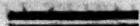


Lie lightly on her bosom, gentle earth !
For poor Amelia's bosom was the seat
Of maiden purity, and once it beat
With nature's best affections ; but her worth
Bloom'd like the desert flower. Hard Poverty
His heavy hand upon her race had laid,
No friend, no dear congenial soul had she,
Her cold, coarse comrades drove the wretched maid
To lonely thought. The feelings that had blest
A fellow heart, imprison'd in her breast,
Were tortures there, and on her life they prey'd.
Poor victim of misfortune from her birth,
She pin'd away and died, and is at rest.
Lie lightly on her bosom, gentle earth !

SONNET VIII.

Thou lingerest, Spring ! still wintry is the scene,
The fields their dead and sapless russet wear,
Scarce does the glossy pile-wort yet appear
Starring the sunny bank, or early green
The elder yet its circling tufts put forth.
The sparrow tenants still the caves-built nest
Where we should see our martins' snowy breast
Oft darting out. The blasts from the bleak north
And from the keener east still frequent blow.
Sweet Spring, thou lingerest ! and it should be so—
Late let the fields and gardens blossom out !
Like man when most with smiles thy face is drest,
'Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye best,
When most ye promise, ever most must doubt.

SONNET IX.



Wake the loud harp to rapture ! on the gale
O'er Avon's woody steeps that swept along,
Oft has it pour'd the melancholy song
Of memory ; often in the primros'd vale,
Where Cherwell winds her willowy meads among,
Echoed to Sorrow's solitary tale ;
Now let it speak of Joy ! for now no more
It hymns responsive to the hand of woe,
The dirge of Hope departed ; sad and slow
No more Despair shall lead where bending o'er
Her tomb despondent Love his head hung low,
And from his brow the blasted myrtle tore.
Wake the loud harp to Rapture ! let it move
Its jocund strings to happiness and love.

SONNET X.

TO A WOOD-PIGEON,

By CHARLES LLOYD.

*(Written in a Boat, on Loch Lomond, on seeing one dart into a
Capse, on one side of the Islands of the Lake.)*

Whither lone wanderer—whither art thou flown?

To what sequester'd bower or gloomy dell?

Say dost thou go where sorrow is unknown,

Where trouble never enters dost thou dwell?

Lend me thy wing then, tenant of these shades!

Lend me thy wing, thy gentle aid impart,

For I would fain explore these wizard glades,

And shun the feeblest trace of human art!

Oh kindly guide me to a CAVE OF NIGHT,

So wild, so very secret, so unknown,

That not impervious only to the SIGHT

The CALLOUS MIND its power may also own;

And darken'd Memory, ceasing to inform,

A wretch may shelter from misfortune's storm.

SONNET XI.

TO THE SABBATH.

 By CHARLES LLOYD.

Ah ! quiet day, I oft recal the time,
 When I did chace my childish sluggishness,
 (The "rear of darkness ling'ring still") to dress
 In due sort for thy coming : the first chime
 Of blithesome bells, that usher'd in the morn,
 Carol'd to me of rest and simplest mirth :
 'Twas then all happiness on the wide earth
 To gaze ! I little dreamt, that man was born
 For ought but wholesome toil and holiest praise
 Thanking that God who made him to rejoice !
 But I am changed now ! nor could I raise
 My sunken spirit at thy well-known voice ;
 But that thou seemest soothingly to say,
 "Look up poor mourner, to a BETTER DAY."

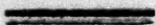
SONNET XII.

ON THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN.

Farewell ! gay Summer ! now the changing wind
That Autumn brings, commands thee to retreat,
It fades the roses which thy temples bind
And the green sandals which adorn thy feet.
Now flies with thee the walk at eventide
That fav'ring hour to bright-ey'd Fancy dear,
When most she loves to seek the mountain side
And mark the pomp of twilight hast'ning near.
Ah then, what faery forms around her throng !
On every cloud a magic charm she sees :
Sweet Evening these delights to thee belong,
But now alas ! comes Autumn's chilling breeze
And early night attendant on its sway
Bears in her envious veil, sweet fancy's hour away.

A. OPIE. 1793.

SONNET XIII.



Why will you break upon my sorrows ? why
Disturb the silent anguish of my soul ?
Oh I am drunk with Sorrow's bitter bowl,
And clad in woe the spectre Memory
Haunts me ; and Hope that rais'd her beauteous brow
Erewhile in sorrow smiling, as the flower
Blooms thro' the dew, now droops. The gloomy hour
Is come of black Despair. O leave me now
To woo the charm of Silence, and to try
Awhile to calm the troubled waves of woe.
Meek silent Sorrow hates the pageant show
The pomp of Pride and rout of Revelry.
Go thou gay Youth and Health's rich harvest reap,
Plunge thou in pleasure, but leave me to weep.

S. F.

SONNET XIV.

How soothing sweet methinks it is to walk
By moonlight, when the still delicious calm
Sheds o'er the love-lorn soul a grateful balm,
And woos the woe to peace ! O then I talk,
Rapt in myself as slow I pace along,
Of hopeless Love, and weep upon my wounds,
Soft as the hollow gale's expiring sounds,
Soft as the veiled virgin's evening song,
Soft as mild Melancholy's noiseless tread.
Thus breathing many a plaint and many a sigh,
I gaze the moon with fondly-fixed eye
Musing on many a lovely vision fled
Hopeless and sad, till down I sink to rest,
By sorrow, silence, solitude, opprest.

S. F.

SONNET XV.

That gooseberry-bush attracts my wandering eyes,
Whose vivid leaves so beautifully green
First opening in the early spring are seen ;
I sit and gaze, and cheerful thoughts arise
Of that delightful season drawing near
When those grey woods shall don their summer dress
And ring with warbled love and happiness.
I sit and think that soon the advancing year
With golden flowers shall star the verdant vale.
Then may the enthusiast Youth at eve's lone hour,
Led by mild Melancholy's placid power,
Go listen to the soothing nightingale
And feed on meditation ; while that I
Remain at home and feed on gooseberry-pye.

SONNET XVI.

STONEHENGE,

 By the late ROBERT LOVELL.

Was it a Spirit on yon shapeless pile ?
 It wore methought an hoary Druid's form,
 Musing on ancient days ! the dying storm
 Moan'd in his lifted locks ; thou Night ! the while
 Dost listen to his sad harp's wild complaint,
 Mother of Shadows ! as to thee he pours
 The broken strain, and plaintively deploras
 The fall of Druid Fame ! Hark ! murmurs faint
 Breathe on the wavy Air ! and now more loud
 Swells the deep dirge accustom'd to complain
 Of holy rites unpaid, and of the crowd
 Whose careless steps these sacred haunts profane.
 O'er the wild plain the hurrying tempest flies,
 And 'mid the storm unheard, the song of Sorrow dies

SONNET XVII.

By the late *ROBERT LOVELL.*

The cloudy blackness gathers o'er the sky
 Shadowing these realms with that portentous storm
 Ere long to burst and haply to deform
 Fair Nature's face : for Indignation high
 Might hurl promiscuous vengeance with wild hand
 And Fear, with fierce precipitation throw
 Blind ruin wide : while Hate with scowling brow
 Feigns patriot rage. O PRIESTLEY, for thy wand,
 Or FRANKLIN ! thine, with calm expectant joy
 To tame the storm and with mysterious force
 In viewless channel shape the lightning's course
 To purify Creation, not destroy.
 So should fair order from the Tempest rise
 And Freedom's sun-beams gild unclouded skies.

SONNET XVIII.

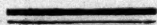
METAPHOR.

When Earth was young and Nature Man's delight,
 The protean Friend of Poesy arose.
 His eyes around with wonder wild he throws
 And soars a mountain ; high in æther bright
 His summit nods. Then as electric fire,
 With swift mutation, from the Earth he rang'd
 To Heaven a massive pillar ; soon he chang'd
 To lion-fronted Pard, growl'd and retir'd
 An Ocean : nor remain'd he Ocean long
 For loud in thunder roar'd his awful voice
 With lightning instantaneous. As her choice
 Sweet Poesy directs, in numbers strong
 Or soft, or fluent, so he drives her car
 And later Minstrels call him METAPHOR.

J. J.

SONNET XIX.

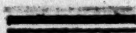
PERSONIFICATION.



Nor did sweet Poesy long time defer
 To ask the aid of him who hand in hand
 With METAPHOR arose. At his command
 Rocks, mountains, vallies living souls appear'd,
 Catastrophe his sadd'ning front uprear'd,
 And Virtue stood erect and Patience smil'd,
 And Joy, Love, Hope, and Fear, Amazement wild,
 And Heaven assum'd a virile form, whilst stood
 Ocean contracted to a man. The brood
 Of Vice in black-brow'd frown; Revenge and Hate,
 Discord and Death, and stern defying Fate,
 Walk'd o'er the earth, destroying. Such is PER-
 SONIFICATION. He whom she employs
 To deck her labors and increase her joys.

J. I

SONNET XX.



O God ! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner ! in comfort here
Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.

What were it now to toss upon the waves
The maddened waves and know no succour near,
The howling of the storm alone to hear

And the wild sea that to the tempest raves ;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night
And only see the billow's gleaming light ;

Amid the dread of death to think of her
Who as she listens sleepless to the gale
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale ?

O God have mercy on the mariner !

The KILLCROP,

*A SCENE between BENEDICT a German Peasant, and FATHER
KARL, an old Neighbour.*

Eight years since (said Luther) at DESSAW, I did see and touch a changed Childe, which was twelv years of age; hee had his eies and all his members like another childe: Hee did nothing but feed, and would eat as much as two Clowns, or Threshers, were able to eat. When one touched it, then it cried out: When any evil happened in the Hous, then it laughed and was joiful; but when all went well, then it cried, and was very sad. I told the Prince of Anhalt, if I were Prince of that Countrie, so would I venture *Homicidium* thereon, and would throw it into the River Moldaw. I admonished the people dwelling in that place devoutly to praie to God to take away the Divil; the same was don accordingly, and the second year after the Changeling died.

In Saxonia, near unto Halberstad, was a man that also had a Killcrop, who sucked the mother and five other women drie: and besides, devoured very much. This man was advised that hee should in his pilgrimage at Halberstad make a promiss of the Killcrop to the Virgin Marie, and should caus him there to bee rocked. This advice the man followed, and carried the Changeling thither in a basket. But going over a river, beeing upon the bridge, another Divil that was below in the river called, and said, Killcrop, Killcrop! Then the childe in the basket (which never before spake one word) answered, Ho, Ho. The Divil

in the water asked further, Whither art thou going ? The childe in the basket said, I am going towards Hocklestad to our loving mother to be rocked.

The man beeing much affrighted thereat, threw the childe, with the basket, over the bridg into the water. Whereupon the two Divels flew away together, and cried, Ho, Ho, Ha, tumbling themselvs one over another, and so vanished.

Such Changelings and Killcrops (said Luther) *Supponit Satan in locum verorum filiorum* ; for the Devil hath this power, that hee changeth children, and instead thereof laieth Divels in the cradles, which prosper not, onely they feed and suck : but such Changelings live not above eighteen or nineteen years. It oftentimes falleth out, that the children of women in childe-bed are changed, and Divels are laid in their stead, the mothers in such sort are sucked out, that afterwards they are able to give suck no more. Such changelings (said Luther) are also baptized, in regard that they cannot be known the first year ; but are known only by sucking the mothers drie.

Luther's Divine Discourses, folio. p. 387.

In justice however to Luther, it should be remembered, that this Superstition was common to the age in which he lived.

BENEDICT.

You squalling Imp, lie still ! Is n't it enough
To eat two pounds for a breakfast, but again
Before the Sun's half-risen, I must hear
This cry ? as tho' your stomach was as empty

As old Karl's head, that, yonder limps along
 Mouthing his crust. I'll haste to Hocklestad !
 A short mile only. *(Enter Father Karl.)*

KARL.

BENEDICT, how now !
 Earnest and out of breath, why in this haste ?
 What have you in your basket ?

BENEDICT.

Stand aside !
 No moment this for converse. Ask to-morrow
 And I will answer you, but I am now
 About to punish Belzebub. Take care,
 My business is important.

KARL.

What ! about
 To punish the Arch Fiend old Belzebub ?
 A thing most rare—But can't I lend a hand
 On this occasion ?

BENEDICT.

Father, stand aside !
 I hate this parly ! Stand aside I say !

KARL.

Good BENEDICT, be not o'ercome by rage
 But listen to an old man.—What is't there
 Within your basket ?

BENEDICT.

'Tis the Devil's Changeling
 A thumping Killcrop ! *(uncovers the basket)*
 Yes, 'tween you and I, *(whispering)*
 Our Neighbour Balderic's changed for his Son WILL !

KARL.

An idle thought ! I say it is a child.
 A fine one too !

BENEDICT.

A child ! you dreaming grey-beard !
 Nothing will you believe like other people.
 Did ever mortal man see child like this !
 Why 'tis a Killcrop, certain, manifest ;
 Look there ! I'd rather see a dead pig snap
 At th' butcher's knife, than call this thing a child,
 View how he stares ! I'm no young Cub d'ye see.

KARL.

Why BENEDICT ! this is most wonderful
 To my plain mind. I've often heard of Killcrops
 And laugh'd at the tale most heartily ; but now
 I'll mark him well, and see if there's any truth
 In these said creatures. *(looks at the basket)*

A finer child ne'er breath'd !
 Thou art mistaken, BENEDICT ! thine eyes
 See things confused ! But let me hear thee say

What are the signs by which thou know'st the difference
Twixt Crop and Child.

BENEDICT.

The difference ! mercy on us !

That I should talk to such a Heretic—

D'ye know the difference 'twixt the Moon and Stars ?

KARL.

Most certainly.

BENEDICT.

Then these are things so near,

That I might pardon one who hesitates,

Doubting between them. But the Crop and Child !

They are so opposite, that I should look

Sooner to hear the Frog teach harmony

Than meet a man with hairs so grey as thine

Who did not know the difference.

KARL.

BENEDICT !

The oldest 'ere he die, something might learn ;

And I shall hear, gladly, the certain marks

That show the Killcrop.

BENEDICT.

Father, listen then—

The Killcrop, mark me, for a true man's child

At first might be mistaken—has two eyes

And nose and mouth, but these are semblances
Deceitful, and, as father Luther says :
There's something underneath.

KARL.

Good BENEDICT !

If Killcrops look like children, by what power
Know you they are not ?

BENEDICT.

This from you old Father !
Why when they are pinch'd they squeak !

KARL.

This is not strange,
All children cry when pinch'd.

BENEDICT.

But then their maws !
The veriest company of threshing clowns
Would think they had no appetite, compared
With this and the rest of 'em—Gormandizing beast !
See how he yawns for food !

KARL.

But BENEDICT !

When hunger stings you, don't you ope your mouth ?
What other evidence ?

BENEDICT.

Why, Devil-like,

When any evil happens, by his grin
 'Twill always tell ye, and when tidings good
 Come near, the beasts of twins delivered, or
 Corn sold at market, or the harvest in,
 The raven never croak'd more dismally
 Before the sick man's window, than this Crop,
 With disappointment howls. And then, a mark
 Infallible, that shows the Killcrop true,
 Is this, old man, he sucks his mother dry !
 'Twas but the other day, in our village,
 A Killcrop suck'd his mother and five more
 Dry as a whet-stone. Do you now believe ?

KARL.

Good BENEDICT, all children laugh and cry !
 I have my doubts.

BENEDICT.

Doubts have you ? well-a-day !
 In t'other world you'll sink ten fathoms deeper
 I promise you for this foul heresy.
 But nothing will move you, you won't be moved.
 I'll tell 'ye as true a story as ever man
 Told to another. I had a Changeling once
 Laid in my cradle, but I spied him out ;
 Thou'st never seen a creature so foul-mouth'd

And body'd too. But, knowing Satan's drift,
 I balk'd him : to the lofty Church that stands
 Over yon river, I the Killerop took
 To ask advice, how to dispose of him
 Of th' holy Pastor. When by the moon on high,
 ('Tis true I fear'd him) as I past the bridge,
 Bearing him in my arms, he gave a leap
 And over the rails jump'd headlong, laughing loud
 With a fellow-fiend, that from the waves beneath
 Bawl'd Killcrop ! Killcrop !

KARL.

Are you sure he laugh'd,
 Might it not be a cry ?

BENEDICT.

Why ! that it might ;
 I won't be certain, but that he jump'd over
 And splash'd and dash'd into the water beneath
 Making fierce gestures and loud bellowings ;
 I could as soon, a witches innocence,
 Believe, as doubt it.

KARL.

BENEDICT ! now say !
 Did'st thou not throw him over ?

BENEDICT.

Throw him over !

Why, man, I could as easily have held
 A struggling whale. It needed iron arms
 To hold the monster. Doubt whate'er you will
 He surely laugh'd. And when he reach'd the water
 Grasping the fiend, I never shall forget
 The cries, the yells, the shouts ; it seem'd to me
 That thunder was dove's cooing to the noise
 These Killcrops made, as splashing, roaring, laughing
 With their ha, ha, ha, so ominous ! they rush'd
 Down the broad stream.—That very night our cow
 Sicken'd and died. Saints aid us ! whilst these Crops
 Poison the air, they'll have enough to do
 To stay the pestilence.

KARL.

But BENEDICT,
 Be not outrageous ! I am old d'ye see.
 Trust me, thou art mistaken, 'tis no Killcrop,
 See how he smiles ! poor infant give him me.

BENEDICT.

Stand off ! The Devil lent him, and again
 I will return him honestly, and rid
 Earth of one bane.

KARL.

Thou dost not mean to kill !
 Poor infant, spare him ! I have young and old,

The poor, a housefull, yet I'll not refuse
To take one more, if thou wilt give him me.
Let me persuade !

BENEDICT.

Away ! I say, away !
Even if an Angel came to beg him of me,
I should suspect imposture, for I know
He could not ask a Killcrop. 'Tis a thing
Heaven hath no need of. Ere an hour be past,
From yon tall rock I'll hurl him to perdition.

KARL.

Repeat it not ! Oh spare the infant ! spare
His innocent laughter ! My cold creeping blood
Doth boil with indignation, at the thought
Most horrible. Thou must not do the deed !

BENEDICT.

Not punish Satan ! I have learnt too well
From Father Luther. Once again, stand off !
I'll rocket him. *(exit)*

THE SPIRIT,

Founded on fact.

"Now which is the road across the Common,

"Good Woman! in pity declare;

"No path can I trace, for the night is dark,

"And I fear me before the far turnpike I mark,

"Some grim-visaged Ghost will appear."

"The Ghost never walks till the clock strikes twelve,

"And this is the first of the night,"

Cried the woman. "Now why dost thou look at me so?

"And why do thine eyes so fearfully glow?

"Good Stranger, forbear thy affright.

"I tell thee that across the Common,

"This cart-track thy horse must pursue;

"Till close by thy feet two Gibbets thou meet,

"Where the rains and the tempests the Highwaymen beat,

"That a Traveller once murder'd like you."

The Horseman replied, " I have no terror
 " Of men who in midnight plan;
 " But a Ghost that pops on one before or behind,
 " And around him sees clearly while mortals are blind,—
 " Aye, that tries the heart of the man.

" Is there no road but by those gibbets ?"
 " No road," the woman replied.
 " But tho' with the wind each Murderer swings
 " They both of them are harmless things,
 " And so are the Ravens beside."

" What are there Ravens there ?—those creatures
 " That are so black and blue !
 " But are they ravens ? I enquire,
 " For I have heard by the Winter's fire,
 " That phantoms the dead pursue."

The Woman replied, " They are Night-Ravens
 " That pick the dead-men's eyes ;
 " And they cry qua, with their hollow jaw ;
 " Methinks I one this moment saw !
 " To the banquet at hand he flies.

"Now fare thee well!" The Traveller, silent,
 Whilst terror consumed his soul,
 Went musing on. The night was still,
 And every star had drunk his fill,
 At the brim of oblivion's bowl.

And now he near to the Gibbets approach'd!
 The black Men waved in the air;
 He rais'd his head, and cast a glance,
 Yet heeded them not, tho' they seemed to dance,
 For he determin'd not to fear.

Wherefore, he cried, should men incline
 To fear where no danger is found!
 He scarce had said, when, in the dark night,
 Beside him appear'd a Spirit in white!
 He trembled, and could not look round.

He gallop'd away! the Spirit pursued!
 And the murderers' irons they scream!
 The gibbets are past, and now fast and more fast,
 The Horseman and Spirit outstrip the loud blast,
 Tho' neither have courage to speak.

Now both on the verge of the Common arrive,
 Where a gate the free passage denied.
 The Horseman his arm outstretch'd to expand
 The gate to admit him, when, cold o'er his hand,
 The mouth of the Spirit did glide.

He started ! and swift through the still-darker lane
 Gallop'd fast from the Being he fear'd ;
 But yet, as the shadow the substance pursues,
 The Spirit, behind, by a side-glance he views,
 And more luminous now it appear'd !

The turnpike he reach'd ; " Oh tell me,"—he cried,
 " I can neither look round or go on ;
 " What Spirit is this which has follow'd me here
 " From the Common ? good Master, I dreadfully fear,
 " Speak ! speak ! or my sense will be gone !"

" Ah Jenny," he cried, " thou crafty old Jade !
 " Is it thee ? I'll beat thy bones bare.
 " Good Gentleman, fear not, no Spirit is nigh,
 " Which has follow'd you here from the common hard-b
 " 'Tis only old Gaffer's grey Mare !"

CITELTO.

*ECLOGUE,**By ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

JAMES.

What Gregory ! you are come I see to join us
On this sad business.

GREGORY.

Aye, James, I am come,
But with a heavy heart, God knows it, man !
Where shall we meet the corpse ?

JAMES.

Some hour from hence ;
By noon, and near about the elms, I take it.
This is not as it should be, Gregory,
Old men to follow young ones to the grave !
This morning when I heard the bell strike out,
I thought that I had never heard it toll
So dismally before.

GREGORY.

Well, well! my friend—

'Tis what we all must come to, soon or late.
But when a young man dies, in the prime of life,
One born so well, who might have blest us all
Many long years!—

JAMES.

And then the family
Extinguish'd in him, and the good old name
Only to be remember'd on a tomb-stone!
A name that has gone down from sire to son
So many generations!—many a time
Poor Master Edward, who is now a corpse,
When but a child, would come to me and lead me
To the great family tree, and beg of me
To tell him stories of his ancestors,
Of Eustace, he that went to the Holy Land
With Richard Lion-heart, and that Sir Henry
Who fought at Crecy in King Edward's wars;
And then his little eyes would kindle so
To hear of their brave deeds! I used to think
The bravest of them all would not out-do
My darling boy.

GREGORY.

This comes of your great schools

And college breeding. Plague upon his guardians
That would have made him wiser than his fathers !

JAMES.

If his poor father, Gregory ! had but lived,
Things would not have been so. He, poor good man,
Had little of book-learning, but there lived not
A kinder, nobler-hearted gentleman,
One better to his tenants. When he died
There was not a dry eye for miles around.
Gregory, I thought that I could never know
A sadder day than that : but what was that,
Compared with this day's sorrow ?

GREGORY.

I remember
Eight months ago when the young Squire began
To alter the old mansion, they destroy'd
The martins nests, that had stood undisturb'd
Under that roof,—aye ! long before my memory.
I shook my head at seeing it, and thought
No good could follow.

JAMES.

Poor young man ! I loved him
Like my own child. I loved the family !
Come Candlemas, and I have been their servant
For five and forty years. I lived with them

When his good father brought my Lady home,
 And when the young Squire was born, it did me good
 To hear the bells so merrily announce
 An heir. This is indeed a heavy blow—
 I feel it Gregory, heavier than the weight
 Of threescore years. He was a noble lad,
 I loved him dearly.

GREGORY.

Every body loved him,
 Such a fine, generous, open-hearted Youth !
 When he came home from school at holydays,
 How I rejoiced to see him ! he was sure
 To come and ask of me what birds there were
 About my fields ; and when I found a covey,
 There's not a testy Squire preserves his game
 More charily, than I have kept them safe
 For Master Edward. And he look'd so well
 Upon a fine sharp morning after them,
 His brown hair frosted, and his cheek so flush'd
 With such a wholesome ruddiness !—ah James
 But he was sadly changed when he came down
 To keep his birth-day.

JAMES.

Changed ! why Gregory,
 'Twas like a palsy to me, when he stepp'd

Out of the carriage. He was grown so thin,
 His cheek so delicate sallow, and his eyes
 Had such a dim and rakish hollowness ;
 And when he came to shake me by the hand
 And spoke as kindly to me as he used,
 I hardly knew the voice.

GREGORY.

It struck a damp
 On all our merriment. 'Twas a noble Ox
 That smoak'd before us, and the old October
 Went merrily in overflowing cans ;
 But 'twas a skin-deep merriment. My heart
 Seem'd as it took no share. And when we drank
 His health, the thought came over me what cause
 We had for wishing that, and spoilt the draught.
 Poor Gentleman ! to think ten months ago
 He came of age—and now !

JAMES.

I fear'd it then,
 He look'd to me as one that was not long
 For this world's business.

GREGORY.

When the Doctor sent him
 Abroad to try the air, it made me certain
 That all was over. There's but little hope

Methinks that foreign parts can help a man
 When his own mother-country will not do.
 The last time he came down, these bells rung so
 I thought they would have rock'd the old steeple down
 And now that dismal toll ! I would have staid
 Beyond its reach, but this was a last duty,
 I am an old tenant of the family,
 Born on the estate, and now that I've out-lived it,—
 Why 'tis but right to see it to the grave.
 Have you heard aught of the new Squire ?

JAMES.

But little,
 And that not well. But be he what he may
 Matters not much to me. The love I bore
 To the good family will not easily fix
 Upon a stranger. What's on the opposite hill ?
 Is it not the funeral ?

GREGORY.

'Tis I think, some horsemen.
 Aye ! there are the black cloaks ; and now I see
 The white plumes on the herse.

JAMES.

Between the trees ;—
 'Tis hid behind them now.

GREGORY.

Aye ! now we see it,
And there's the coaches following, we shall meet
About the bridge. Would that this day were over !
I wonder whose turn's next !

JAMES.

God above knows !
When youth is summon'd what must age expect !
God make us ready Gregory ! when it comes.

*ODE TO ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT,
IN CORNWALL.*

The sober eve with purple bright
Sheds o'er the hills her tranquil light
In many a lingering ray ;
The radiance trembles on the deep,
Where rises rough thy rugged steep,
Old Michael, from the sea.

Around thy base in azure pride,
Flows the silver-crested tide,
In gently winding waves ;
The zephyr creeps thy cliffs around,
Thy cliffs, with whispering ivy crown'd,
And murmurs in thy caves.

Majestic steep ! Ah yet I love
 With many a lingering step to rove
 Thy ivied rocks among :
 Thy ivied, wave-beat rocks recall
 The former pleasures of my soul,
 When life was gay and young.

Enthusiasm, Nature's child,
 Here sung to me her wood-songs wild,
 All warm with native fire ;
 I felt her soul-awakening flame,
 It bade my bosom burn for fame,
 It bade me strike the lyre.

Soft as the morning sheds her light
 Thro' the dark azure of the night
 Along the tranquil sea,
 So soft the bright-eyed Fancy shed
 Her rapturing dreams around my head,
 And drove my cares away.

When the white moon with glory crown'd
 The azure of the sky around,
 Her silver radiance shed ;
 When shone the waves with trembling light,
 And slept the lustre palely-bright,
 Upon thy tower-clad head.

Then BEAUTY bade my pleasures flow,
 Then BEAUTY bade my bosom glow
 With mild and gentle fire !
 Then mirth, and cheerfulness, and love,
 Around my soul were wont to move,
 And thrill'd upon my lyre.

But when the **Dæmon** of the deep
 Howl'd around thy rocky steep,
 And bade the tempests rise,
 Bade the white foaming billows roar,
 And murmuring dash the rocky shore,
 And mingle with the skies ;

Ah, then my soul 'was rais'd on high,
 And felt the glow of ecstasy,
 With *great* emotions fill'd ;
 Thus joy and terror reign'd by turns,
 And now with LOVE the bosom burns,
 And now by FEAR is chilled.

Thus to the sweetest dreams resign'd,
 The fairy FANCY ruled my mind,
 And shone upon my youth ;
 But now to awful reason given,
 I leave her dear ideal heaven,
 To hear the voice of TRUTH.

She claims my best, my loftiest song,
 She leads a brighter maid along—
 Divine PHILOSOPHY,
 Who bids the mounting soul assume
 Immortal Wisdom's eagle plume,
 And penetrating eye.

Above delusion's dusky maze,
Above deceitful Fancy's ways,
With roses clad to rise ;
To view a gleam of purest light
Bursting thro' Nature's misty night,
The radiance of the skies.

D. 1796

To a LOCK of HAIR.

Relick of her whom most of all I love,
 Why ever thus my bitterest grief renew?
 Why when a secret joy my soul would prove,
 Must grateful memory sicken at thy view?
 Yet thou and I, dear relick, will not part,
 For I will ever wear thee next my heart.

How oft revert my thoughts to that past day,
 When gazing on the charms of her I loved,
 With eager hand I bore my spoil away,
 As o'er her neck the auburn ringlets roved;
 In memory of that day we will not part,
 For I will ever wear thee next my heart.

How fondly have I gazed on thee, when woe
 Has waked the throbbing tumult in my breast;
 And loath were I thy presence to forego,
 Tho' that loved presence robb'd me of my rest.
 No, dear memento, no, we will not part,
 For I will ever wear thee next my heart.

Past are those hours of unembitter'd mirth,
 When pleasure hasten'd at the close of day,
 To where the circle round the wintry hearth
 Met cheerfully to talk dull time away.

Alas! I thought not then so soon to part,
 Pleasure had fill'd too full my dreaming heart.

And dare I prize thee, when another's fame
 In me repos'd reproaches every glance!
 And dare I prize thee, when the secret flame
 That preys upon my reason, may perchance
 Blaze into madness?—sure we ought to part!
 Thou feedest the fierce fire that wastes my heart.

Yet when old age shall blunt the sting of care,
 When stoic wisdom shall have steel'd my breast,
 When cold indifference shall annul despair,
 And mellow sorrow to reflective rest,
 Yet even in death we will not know to part,
 For in the grave I'll wear thee next my heart.

1794.

H. W. L.

The TEMPEST.

The Tempest has darken'd the face of the skies,
 The winds whistle wildly across the waste plain,
 The Fiends of the whirlwind terrific arise,
 And mingle the clouds with the white-foaming main.

All dark is the night and all gloomy the shore,
 Save when the red lightnings the ether divide,
 Then follows the thunder with loud sounding roar
 And echoes in concert the billowy tide.

But tho' now all is murky and shaded with gloom,
 Hope the soother soft whispers the tempests shall cease;
 Then Nature again in her beauty shall bloom,
 And enamoured embrace the fair sweet-smiling Peace.

For the bright-blushing morning all rosy with light
 Shall convey on her wings the Creator of Day,
 He shall drive all the tempests and terrors of night,
 And Nature enlivened again shall be gay.

Then the warblers of Spring shall attune the soft lay,
 And again the bright flowret shall blush in the dale;
 On the breast of the ocean the Zephyr shall play,
 And the sun-beam shall sleep on the hill and the dale.

If the tempests of Nature so soon sink to rest,
 If her once faded beauties so soon glow again,
 Shall Man be for ever by tempests oppress'd,
 By the tempests of passion, of sorrow, and pain?

Ah no! for his passions and sorrows shall cease
 When the troublesome fever of life shall be o'er;
 In the night of the grave he shall slumber in peace,
 And passion and sorrow shall vex him no more.

And shall not this night and its long dismal gloom,
 Like the night of the tempest again pass away;
 Yes! the dust of the earth in bright beauty shall bloom
 And rise to the morning of heavenly day!

D. 1796.

INSCRIPTION

Under an OAK.

Here Traveller ! pause awhile. This ancient Oak
 Will parasol thee if the sun ride high,
 Or should the sudden shower be falling fast,
 Here may'st thou rest umbrella'd. All around
 Is good and lovely : hard by yonder wall
 The kennel stands ; the horse-flesh hanging near
 Perchance with scent unsavoury may offend
 Thy delicate nostrils, but remember thou
 How sweet a perfume to the hound it yields,
 And sure its useful odours will regale
 More gratefully thy philosophic nose,
 Than what the unprofitable violet
 Wastes on the wandering wind. Nor wilt thou want
 Such music as benevolence will love,
 For from these fruitful boughs the acorns fall
 Abundant, and the swine that grub around,

Shaking with restless pleasure their brief tails
That like the tendrils of the vine curl up,
Will grunt their greedy joy. Dost thou not love
The sounds that speak enjoyment? oh if not,
If thou would'st rather with inhuman ear
Hark to the warblings of some wretched bird
Bereft of freedom, sure thine heart is dead
To each good feeling, and thy spirit void
Of all that softens or ennobles man.

THEODERIT.

The HERMIT BOY.

By A. S. COTTLE.

A forest's deep gloom was the noiseless retreat
 From the follies and vices of life,
 Of a sage whose tired heart could in unison beat,
 To no joy of the living, save fellowship sweet
 With one only companion, his wife.

Long time here they lived, in this desolate nook,
 Forgotten their woes as a dream ;
 Green herbs were their food, and their drink the clear brook,
 That by their lone cot its meandering took ;
 Their bed was the flag of the stream.

Heaven sent them a boy, only pledge of their love,
 But denied him a mother to know ;
 'Twas her last fondest wish that her infant might prove
 Seclusion's sure blessings, nor ever remove
 To a world of temptation and woe.

Death came and beneath the tall grass was she laid,
 That waved by the side of the cot.
 Here the good man his visits at morn and eve paid,
 Her grave with sweet flowrets he duly array'd,
 And it seem'd to assuage his hard lot.

To his wife's last injunction the father long true,
 Each inquisitive sally withstood ;
 His son, now a youth, thought no other but two,
 Himself, and his father, the vital air drew ;
 And the world was compris'd in a wood.

They roved thro' the thickets and glades all the day,
 And reposed when the shadows fell fast :
 Ere the sun drank the dew from the glittering spray,
 In the early grey dawn they together would stray,
 To seek for their blameless repast.

At noon, as it droop'd on the heath that was nigh,
 The sage mark'd the violet and said,
 Just so when the sun of prosperity's high,
 Does virtue first blossom, then wither and die,
 For want of obscurity's shade.

But see, cried the youth, yon grey Alder beneath,
 One, beauteous in hue and in form ;
 Yet it can't be compared with the flower on the heath,
 For it scents not the air with its odorous breath,
 Tho' defended from sunshine and storm.

The father stood musing in conscious surprise,
 At the lore which simplicity taught ;
 Yet trembled for fear of the doubtful disguise,
 Which hides even truth from the ken of the wise ;
 And puzzles the tremulous thought.

But my boy still in secret, he cried, will I try,
 From the waste of existence to save ;
 Where the phantoms of pleasure dance thick to the eye,
 But the wretch who pursues them, as luring they fly,
 Often finds but a treacherous grave.

Still this wide-spreading wood shall protection afford,
 From man, vile associate man !
 Kind nature still cater our homely-spread board ;
 Still for winter the fruits of rich Autumn we'll hoard ;
 And the brook shall replenish our can.

Full oft had the year made the forest bough bare,
 When the good man grew faint with disease :
 'Twas then he first trusted his son from his care,
 Alone thro' the forest, to find for him there,
 Some simples his anguish to ease.

Ah ! luckless the time, that all wild with dismay
 Thou rovest adventurous alone !
 No medicine fond youth ! did thy searches repay,
 That might ease of his anguish thy father that day,
 No herb that would soften thine own.

To the forest's green verge all unknowing he came,
 Where two females first met his young sight :
 Unusual commotion then shot thro' his frame,
 He felt a new passion he could not well name,
 And pined for some unknown delight.

They vanish'd, and back to his far-distant home,
 He wander'd in pensive surmise ;
 The herbs from his scrip, to his father were shown :
 But O ! cried the Youth, as he fetch'd a deep groan,
 What vision has dazzled mine eyes ?

Some vision, I fear son, that bodes thee no good !

But prithee the wonder declare.

Two lovely white forms pass'd the tree where I stood,

And glided so softly away in the wood,

They seem'd to dissolve in the air.

Ah ! talk not so fondly of what thou hast seen,

They are fairies that haunt the wood side !

Ah ! shun them as serpents that coil on the green,

Or they'll wound thee with arrows tormenting and keen,

Then sorely thy sufferings deride.

Dear Youth ! thou hast seen me all sorrowful steal

To the hillock beside our low Cot ;

My days are departing too truly I feel !

Thy kindness avails not—thy herbs will not heal !

O lay me to rest in that spot.

But remember my counsel when silent and low,

All remembrance of me may subside :

O never ! no never beyond the wood go,

And shun as thou shunnest thy bitterest foe,

The fairies that haunt the wood side !

He died and was buried the green hillock nigh,
 That rose by the side of the Cot.
 Then the Youth for some unknown delight heaved a sigh
 The forest's wild beauties no more pleased his eye,
 And the counsel of age was forgot.

'Tis said, the next morn he arose with the day,
 To seek where the vision he spied :
 No more in these deserts, he cry'd, will I stay,
 But will seek at all risk, tho' my father said nay,
 The fairies that haunt the wood side.

The BATTLE of PULTOWA.

On Vorskas glittering waves
 The morning sun-beams play ;
 PULTOWA's walls are throng'd
 With eager multitudes,
 Athwart the dusty vale
 They strain their aching eyes,
 Where to the fight he moves
 The Conqueror Charles, the iron-hearted Swede.

Him Famine hath not tamed
 The tamer of the brave ;
 Him Winter hath not quell'd,
 When man by man his veteran troops sunk down,
 Frozen to their endless sleep,
 He held undaunted on ;
 Him Pain hath not subdued,

What tho' he mounts not now
 The fiery steed of war,
 Borne on a litter to the fight he goes.

Go iron-hearted King !
 Full of thy former fame.
 Think how the humbled Dane
 Crouch'd to thy victor sword ;
 Think how the wretched Pole
 Resign'd his conquer'd crown ;
 Go iron-hearted King !

Let Narva's glory swell thy haughty breast—
 The death-day of thy glory Charles, hath dawn'd,
 Proud Swede, the Sun hath risen
 That on thy shame shall set !

Now bend thine head from heaven,
 Now Patkul be revenged !
 For o'er that bloody Swede
 Ruin hath rais'd his arm—
 For ere the night descends
 His veteran host subdued,
 His laurels blasted to revive no more
 He flies before the foe !

Long years of hope deceived
That conquered Swede must prove,
Patkul thou art avenged !

Long years of idleness
That restless soul must bear,
Patkul thou art avenged !

The Despot's savage anger took thy life,
Thy death has stabb'd his fame.

ERTHUSYO.

LINES

TO A BROTHER AND SISTER,

*Written soon after a Recovery from Sickness.*By CHARLES LLOYD.

I.

"Tis surely hard the melancholy day
 To waste without the cheering voice of friend,
 To see the morning dart its golden ray,
 To see the night in misty dews descend,
 Nor catch one sound where Love and Meekness blend
 'Tis surely hard for him who knows how dear
 A kindred soul, eternally to send
 A fruitless prayer for smiles and words that cheer,
 The wish in looks revealed and rapture's holy tear,

II.

Him whom the spirit of Attachment warms,
 The nameless thrilling and the soft desire,
 Him whom the glance of melting beauty charms,
 Its young allurements and its living fire ;

For him in tedious languor to expire,
 Dreaming of bliss, yet wake to deep despair,
 Fitted for love, of every joy the sire,
 To drag a life of unrequited care,
 For him, such silent woe, 'tis surely hard to bear.

III.

Thank Heaven, such lot hath never yet been mine,
 For if the gloom of discontent should fall
 And my young spirit for a season pine,
 I cannot, save with gratitude, recall
 Gay-painted hours of dancing festival,
 When new and joyous friendships bore away
 All fears of what in future might befall,
 All recollections of uncheer'd dismay
 Giving to full content the heartsome holiday.

IV.

And still (with pride my heart the truth reveals)
 Beneath my quiet and paternal roof,
 Mine eyes for ever meet the look that heals
 Pale Sorrow's anguish with a kind reproof.

For all the prodigal regards of youth
 And all the sympathies of gentlest love,
 And all the sweet simplicity of truth,
 In silent harmony for ever move
 Along the heaven-blest scene ordained for us to rove.

V.

Brothers and Sisters ! friends of infancy !
 Oh how my heart rejoices when I speak
 Of all the sweetness of the home-bred tie,
 Whose gentle charities and graces meek
 Spread with a fairer hue the youthful cheek
 Than blushing passions deep and fiery glow ;
 Yes ! it beseems that I could never seek,
 My heart so turns to you, were ye to go
 A new or foreign aid to mitigate the blow.

VI.

When morn first wakes me with its cheering smile
 That cheering smile, it seems my friends to wear,
 Is friendship's charm transfused that all the while
 Lives in the silent spirit of the air :

Your voices, looks, and kind enquiries bear
 Their living incense to each gladdened view,
 And all that beams around so gay and fair
 Is Love's officious toil, that paints anew
 Each form that looks like life with no terrestrial hue.

VII.

And when meek evening glides athwart the sky
 And drowsy silence hangs upon the earth,
 Save that some distant hum which breathes to die,
 May chance from haunts of bacchanalian mirth
 To meet his ear who sadly wandering forth
 Courts every hinting of departed bliss ;
 Yes, when meek evening glides, there spring to birth
 Thousand dear images of happiness,
 The Brother's honest grasp, the Sister's hely kiss.

VIII.

And most to you my two beloved friends !
 My Sister, and my Brother, most to you
 My heart its cordial gratulation sends ;
 Olivia, Robert, friends both tried and true !

Chiefly, this moment, would my soul renew
 To you its pledged affections, *latest *met* :
 (The absent ever it shall keep in view)
 But oh, Companions of my youth, not yet
 May I your female care and manly zeal forget.

IX.

Yes, all without was drear, and all within
 Was dark and hopeless ! pale disease had shed
 Her dullest glooms, and fain would I have been
 A quiet slumberer, numbered with the dead.
 But you with sweet solicitation led
 And tender blandishment, my troubled breast
 From fears and doubts and terrors fancy-fed,
 And lulled my spirit to a heavenly rest
 With Hope and Peace and Joy and many a long-lost guest

* These were the only two of the family whom the author met at home on returning from a journey, soon after which meeting this poem was written.

X.

Then Sister, Brother ! friends whom ne'er I hail
Without some gentle stirring of the heart,
Then Sister, Brother ! friends who never fail
To hold in absence with a secret art
A sweet communion with my better part,
Accept my thanks, accept my humble lays !
And for one moment if your features dart
That simple welcome which Affection pays,
Though faltering, weak and poor, my verse were rich in praise !

A BALLAD,

*Of a YOUNG MAN that would read unlawful Books,
and how he was punished.*

~~— — — — —~~

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA went out one day,
His Study he lock'd ere he went away,
And he gave the key of the door to his wife,
And charg'd her to keep it lock'd on her life.

And if any one ask my Study to see,
I charge you trust them not with the key,
Whoever may beg, and intreat, and implore,
On your life let nobody enter that door.

There liv'd a young man in the house who in vain
Access to that Study had strove to obtain,
And he begg'd and pray'd the books to see,
Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the Study-table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himself had been reading that day,
The letters were written with blood within,
And the leaves were made of dead mens skin.

And these horrible leaves of magic between
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen,
The likeness of things so foul to behold,
That what they were is not fit to be told.

The young man, he began to read
He knew not what, but he would proceed,
When there was heard a sound at the door
Which as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do ;
But trembling in fear he sat within
Till the door was broke and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got
Like iron heated nine times red hot,
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone blue,
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

What would'st thou with me ? the Wicked One cried,
 But not a word the young man replied,
 Every hair on his head was standing upright
 And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

What would'st thou with me ? cried the Author of ill,
 But the wretched young man was silent still ;
 Not a word had his lips the power to say,
 And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

What would'st thou with me ? the third time he cries,
 And a flash of lightning came from his eyes,
 And he lifted his griffin claw in the air,
 And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

His eyes with a furious joy were possest
 As he tore the young man's heart from his breast,
 He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,
 And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away.

Henceforth let all young men take heed
 How in a Conjuror's books they read.

To the RAINBOW.

Loveliest of the meteor-train,
 Girdle of the summer-rain,
 Tinger of the dews of air;
 Glowing vision fleet as fair,
 While the evening shower retires
 Kindle thy unhurting fires;
 And among the meadows near
 Thy refulgent pillar rear;
 Or amid the dark-blue cloud
 High thine orb'd glories shroud,
 Or the-moistened hills between
 Bent in mighty arch be seen,
 Thro' whose sparkling portals wide
 Fiends of storm and darkness ride.

Like Chearfulness thou art wont to gaze
 Always on the brightest blaze,
 Canst from setting suns deduce
 Varied gleams and sprightly hues;
 And on luring gloom imprint
 Smiling streaks of gayest tint.

R. O.

TO TWILIGHT.

Friend of the pensive wanderer, Twilight, hail !
 I joy to see thee roll thy sea of clouds
 Athwart the crimson throne
 Of the departing sun.

For then what various objects, dimly seen,
 By wonder-working Fancy touch'd, acquire
 An awe-inspiring air,
 And urge Fear's hurried step.

Lo ! thine attendant, the low-sailing bat,
 Flaps his brown wing, begins his circling flight ;
 E'en Midnight's tuneful bird,
 To hail thee, pours her strain.

I love thy simple garb ; no brilliant stars
 Adorn thy dusky vest, unlike to that
 Worn by thy sister Night,
 Save when she reigns in storms.

Nor canst thou boast the many-tinted robe
 Worn by thy beauteous herald, dewy Eve,
 Thine is a veil of grey,
 Meet for the cloister'd maid.

Thou nurse of saddening thoughts, prolong thy stay,
 Let me adore thee still ! Eve's glowing grace,
 Night's fire-embroider'd vest,
 Alike displease my eye ;

For I am Sorrow's child, and thy cold showers,
 Thy mist-encircled forms, thy doubtful shapes,
 Wake a responsive chord
 Within my troubled soul.

For oh ! to me futurity appears
 Wrapt in a chilling veil of glooms and mists,
 Nor seems one tint or star
 To deck her furrow'd brow,

But slowly cross her path, imperfect shapes
 Of danger, sorrow, frenzy, and despair,
 Force their uneasy way,
 And pale my cold, sunk cheek.

But see—the unwelcome moon unveils her head,
 (Those hours are gone in which I hail'd her beams)
 Distinctness spreads around,
 And mimic day appears.

I loathe the cheerful sight, as still my fate,
 O Twilight! bears a hue resembling thine;
 And envy-struck, I shun
 The scene I cannot share.

I'll to my couch, yet not alas to rest;
 By artificial gloom I'll suit my soul,
 And e'en from pity hide
 My dim and sleepless eyes.

AMELIA OPIE. 1792.

LINES**WRITTEN IN THE 16th CENTURY.**

For aye be hynce ye vayne delyghts
 So short as seeme the guiltie nyghtes
 Yatte men forweare inne folie !
 This lowlie world hath nothyng swote
 Hadde mortals onlie wytte to know yt
 But halie melancholie.

Then welcome armes yatte folded lye,
 From heaue breste the long-drawn sye,
 The purses of the browe,
 The loke yrooted to the growne,
 The tong ychaynde withouten sowne,
 Unguided steps and slowe.

The moonlight walk in pathless grove
 Where aye pale passion yearnes to rove,
 The well-hede kele and still.
 The midnyghte howre when all the fowles
 Are housde and hushte save battes and owles
 Yatte screche theyre bodynges shrille.

The fadyng clink of dystaunt bell
 Whose knell the tale of dethe doth tell,
 The grone of partyng ghoste,
 These sownes aleyne the sowle doth feede
 Yatte of a higher world hath hede,
 Forlettyng erthlie loste.

PARODIED IN THE 18th CENTURY.

Hither frolics and delights !
 Day is dying, and by nights
 I my years would number ;
 What have earth and time to give
 But the when that pleasures live
 Toil and trouble slumber ?

Welcome arms asunder thrown,
 Lifted chin, and locks adown
 The forehead sleek and free,
 Crimson cheek and glancing eye,
 Lips where smiles aye lurking lie,
 The tiptoe tread of glee.

The taper'd hall that music haunts,
 Where sparkles wine, where beauty pants,
 And feast and dance abound;
 The midnight hour when sages sour
 Are hush'd abed or hous'd in bower,
 But wit runs giggling round.

The clink of an unheeded clock,
 That vainly gives a threefold knock,
 The toast that glows the breast,
 The jolly-chorused roundelay,
 The curtain that keeps out the day,
 Let angels have the rest.

INSCRIPTION

For a MONUMENT at OLD SARUM.

Reader, if thou canst boast the noble name
 Of Englishman, it is enough to know
 Thou standest in Old Sarum. But if chance
 'Twas thy misfortune in some other land,
 Inheritor of slavery, to be born,
 Read and be envious ! dost thou see yon hut,
 Its old mud mossy walls with many a patch
 Spotted ? know, foreigner ! so wisely well
 In England it is ordered, that the laws
 Which bind the people, from themselves should spring
 Know that the dweller in that little hut,
 That wretched hovel, to the senate sends
 Two delegates. Think, foreigner, where such
 An individual's rights, how happy all !

*The LOVER'S ROCK.**De la Peña de los Enamorados.*

Un moço Christiano estava cautivo en Granada, sus partes y diligencia eran tales, su buen termino y cortesia, que su amo hazia mucha confianza del dentro y fuera de su casa. Una hija suya al tanto se le aficiona, y puso en el los ojos. Pero como quier que ella fuesse casadera, y el moço esclavo, no podian passar adelante como deseavan; ca el amor mal se puede encubrir, y temian si el padre della, y amo del, lo sabia, pagarian con las cabeças. Acordaron de huir a tierra de Christianos, resolucion que el moço venia mejor, por bolver a los suyos, que a ella por desterrarse de su patria: si ya no la movia el deseo de hazerse Christiana; lo que yo no creo. Tomaron su camino con todo secreto, hasta llegar al penasco ya dicho, en que la moça cansada se puso a reposar. En esto vieron assomar a su padre con gente de acavallo, que venia en su seguimiento. Que podian hazer, o a que parte bolverse? que consejo tomar? mentirosas las esperanças de los hombres y miserables sus intentos. Acudieron a lo que solo les quedava de encumbrar aquel penol, trepando por aquellos riscos, que era reparo assaz flaco. El padre con un semblante sanudo los mando abarar: amenaçava les sino obedecian de executar en ellos una muerte muy cruel. Los que acompañavan al padre los amonestaven lo mismo, pues solo les restava aquella esperanza de alcançar perdon de la misericordia de su padre, con hazer lo que les mandava, y echarsale a los pies. No qui-

sieron venir en esto. Los Moros puestos a pie acometieron a subir el penasco: pero el moço les defendió la subida con galgas, piedras y palos, y todo lo demás que le venia a la mano, y le servia de armas en aquella desesperacion. El padre visto esto, hizo venir de un pueblo allí cerca valles-teros para que de lexos los flechassen. Ellos vista su perdicion, acordaron con su muerte librarse de los denuestos y tormentos mayores que temian. Las palabras que en este trance se dixeron, no ay para que relatarlās. Finalmente abraçados entresi fuertemente, se echaron del penal abaxo, por aquella parte en que los mirava su cruel y sanudo padre. Desta manera espiraron antes de llegar a lo baxo, con lastima de los presentes, y aun con lagrimas de algunos y que se movian con aquel triste expectaculo de aquellos moços desgraciados, y a pesar del padre, como estavan, los enterraron en aquel mismo lugar. Constancia que se empleara mejor en otra hazana, y les fuera bien contada la muerte, si la padecieron por la virtud y en defensa de la verdadera religion, y no por satisfacer a sus apetitos desenfrenados.

MARIANA.

The Maiden thro' the favouring night
 From Granada took her flight,
 She bade her father's house farewell
 And fled away with Manuel.

No Moorish maid might hope to vie
 With Laila's cheek or Laila's eye,
 No maiden loved with purer truth
 Or ever loved a lovelier youth.

In fear they fled across the plain
The father's wrath, the captive's chain,
In hope to Murcia on they flee,
To Peace, and Love, and Liberty.

And now they reach the mountain's height,
And she was weary with her flight,
She laid her head on Manuel's breast,
And pleasant was the maiden's rest.

But while she slept, the passing gale
Waved the maiden's flowing veil,
Her father, as he crost the height,
Saw the veil so long and white.

Young Manuel started from his sleep,
He saw them hastening up the steep,
And Laila shriek'd, and desperate now
They climb'd the precipices brow.

They saw him raise his angry hand
And follow with his ruffian band,
They saw them climbing up the steep
And heard his curses loud and deep.

Then Manuel's heart grew wild with woe,
He loosen'd crags and roll'd below,
He loosen'd rocks, for Manuel strove
For life, and liberty, and love.

The ascent was steep, the rock was high,
The Moors they durst not venture nigh,
The fugitives stood safely there,
They stood in safety and despair.

The Moorish chief unmoved could see
His daughter bend the suppliant knee;
He heard his child for pardon plead,
And swore the Christian slave should bleed.

He bade the archers bend the bow,
And make the Christian fall below,
He bade the archers aim the dart,
And pierce the Maid's apostate heart.

The archers aim'd their arrows there,
She clasp'd young Manuel in despair,
"Death, Manuel, shall set us free!
"Then leap below and die with me."

He clasp'd her close and groan'd farewell,
In one another's arms they fell ;
They leapt adown the craggy side,
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,
The Christian youth and Moorish maid,
But never Cross was planted there,
To mark the victims of despair.

Yet every Murcian maid can tell
Where Laila lies who lov'd so well,
And every youth who passes there,
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

DESTINY.

By JOSEPH COTTLE.

I.

Is it for a few short hours
Of fancied joys, but real pain,
That man was dealt his lofty powers,
And made to drag affliction's chain ?
Man ! who with a daring eye
Can count the ethereal worlds of fire,
Or, gazing at Earth's tempests, cry,
I heed ye not ?—can then retire
To his own mind, and there converse
With himself, an universe ?

II.

Vain and impotent conceit,
 Which Vice may cherish, Virtue dread !
 A low and gentle whisper sweet
 Bids us raise our drooping head,
 Bids us prize our highest boast,
 A *future hope*, that friend to care,
 And respect ourselves the most
 Of all in earth, and sea, and air ;
 So shall we secure our high
 And immortal destiny.

III.

Fair and tranquil is the scene,
 The shadowy wood, the meadow gay :
 The azure sky, the ocean green ;
 But these will quickly fade away :
 For like the sun, that in the morn
 Rises full and fair to view,
 Man with flattering hope is born,
 And all is bright as all is new ;
 But soon the fairy landscape flies,
 And the whirlwind sweeps the skies.

IV.

If life be but an April day,
Where pleasure at a distance sings,
If manhood, and if youth display
But airy forms and shadowy things :
Yet let us, whilst the clouds o'ercast
Our prospect, think with rapture true,
That if our joys a moment last,
Fleeting are our sorrows too ;
Joys and sorrows soon will lie,
In oblivion silently.

V.

Why was consciousness bestow'd
Of the beautiful and chaste ?
Why beside life's rugged road,
Fruit, to charm, but not to taste ?
Why have feelings fired the breast
Of purity and worth refined,
By Fancy in her dreams carest,
Which we may seek but never find ?
Faith in silence casts her eye
To man's future destiny.

VI.

Then let the storms of sorrow rave,
Let the lurid lightnings blaze,
Let Dismay her banners wave,
And few and sad be mortal days!
Soaring on Religion's pinion,
This shall chase misfortune's night;
And whilst we grope through earth's dominion,
Yield a pure and constant light.
Fill'd with transport we may cry,
Speed, oh speed our destiny!

LOVE ELEGIES.

By ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM.

ELEGY I.

The Poet relates how he obtained Delia's pocket-handkerchief.

'Tis mine ! what accents can my joy declare ?
 Blest be the pressure of the thronging rout !
 Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
 That left the *tempting corner* hanging out !

I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels,
 After long travel to some distant shrine,
 When to the relic of his saint he kneels,
 For DELIA'S POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF IS MINE.

When first with *filching fingers* I drew near,
 Keen hope shot tremulous thro' every vein,
 And when the finish'd deed removed my fear,
 Scarce could my bounding heart its joy contain.

What tho' the eighth commandment rose to mind,
 It only served a moment's qualm to move,
 For thefts like this it could not be design'd,
The eighth commandment WAS NOT MADE FOR LOVE!

Here when she took the macaroons from me,
 She wiped her mouth to clean the crumbs so sweet;
 Dear napkin! yes she wiped her lips in thee!
 Lips *sweeter* than the *macaroons* she eat.

And when she took that pinch of Mochabaugh
 That made my Love so *delicately* sneeze,
 Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
 And thou art doubly dear for things like these.

No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
 Sweet pocket-handkerchief! thy worth profane;
 For thou hast touched the *rubies* of my fair,
 And I will kiss thee o'er and oe'r again.

ELEGY II.

*The Poet invokes the Spirits of the Elements to approach
Delia. He describes her singing.*

Ye SYLPHS who banquet on my Delia's blush,
Who on her locks of FLOATING GOLD repose,
Dip in her cheek your gossamery brush,
And with its bloom of beauty tinge THE ROSE.

Hover around her lips on rainbow wing,
Load from her honeyed breath your *viewless* feet,
Bear thence a richer fragrance for the spring,
And make the lily and the violet sweet.

Ye GNOMES, whose toil thro' many a dateless year
Its nurture to the infant gem supplies,
From central caverns bring your diamonds here,
To ripen in the SUN OF DELIA'S EYES.

And ye who bathe in Etna's lava springs,
 Spirits of fire ! to see my love advance,
 Fly, SALAMANDERS, ON ASBESTOS wings,
 To wanton in my Delia's *fiery* glance.

She weeps, she weeps ! her eye with anguish swells,
 Some tale of sorrow melts my FEELING GIRL !
 NYMPHS ! catch the tears, and in your lucid shells
 Enclose them, embryos of the orient pearl.

She sings ! the nightingale with envy hears,
 The Cherubim bends from his starry throne,
 And motionless are stopt the attentive Spheres,
 To hear more heavenly music than their own.

Cease, Delia, cease ! for all the angel throng,
 Listening to thee, let sleep their golden wires !
 Cease, Delia ! cease that too surpassing song,
 Lest, stung to envy, they should break their lyres.

Cease, ere my senses are to madness driven
 By the strong joy ! cease, Delia, lest my soul
 Enrapt, already THINK ITSELF IN HEAVEN,
And burst my feeble body's frail controul.

ELEGY III.

The Poet expatiates on the beauty of Delia's hair.

The comb between whose ivory teeth she strains
 The straitening curls of gold so *beamy bright*,
 Not spotless merely from the touch remains,
 But issues forth more pure, more *milky white*.

The rose-pomatum that the FRISEUR spreads
 Sometimes with honour'd fingers for my fair,
 No added perfume on her tresses sheds,
But borrows sweetness from her sweeter hair.

Happy the FRISEUR who in Delia's hair
 With licensed fingers uncontroul'd may rove,
 And happy in his death the dancing bear,
 Who died to make pomatum for my love.

Oh could I hope that e'er my favour'd lays
 Might curl those lovely locks with conscious pride,
 Nor Hammond, nor the Mantuan Shepherd's praise
 I'd envy then, nor wish reward beside.

Cupid has strung from you, O tresses fine,
 The bow that in my breast impell'd his dart ;
 From you, sweet locks ! he wove the subtle line
 Wherewith the urchin *angled* for MY HEART.

Fine are my Delia's tresses as the threads
 That from the silk-worm, *self-interr'd*, proceed,
 Fine as the GLEAMY GOSSAMER, that spreads
 Its filmy web-work o'er the tangled mead.

Yet with these tressés Cupid's power elate
 My captive *heart* has *handcuffed* in a chain,
 Strong as the cables of some huge first-rate,
 THAT BEARS BRITANNIA'S THUNDERS O'ER THE MAIN.

The SYLPHS that round her radiant locks repair,
 In *flowing lustre* bathe their brightening wings ;
 And ELFIN MINSTRELS with assiduous care
 The ringlets rob for FAERY *fidle-strings*.

ELEGY IV.

*The Poet relates how he stole a Lock of Delia's Hair,
and her Anger.*

Oh ! be the day accurst that gave me birth !
 Ye seas, to swallow me in kindness rise !
 Fall on me, mountains ! and thou, merciful earth,
 Open, and hide me from my Delia's eyes !

Let universal Chaos now return,
 Now let the central fires their prison burst,
 And Earth and Heaven, and Air and Ocean burn—
 For Delia frowns—she frowns, and I am curst !

Oh ! I could dare the fury of the fight,
 Where hostile millions sought my single life ;
 Would storm Volcano batteries with delight,
 And grapple with grim Death in glorious strife.

Oh ! I could brave the bolts of angry Jove,
 When ceaseless lightnings fire the midnight skies;
 What is his wrath to that of her I love ?
 What is his LIGHTNING to my DELIA'S EYES ?

Go, fatal Lock ! I cast thee to the wind ;
 Ye *serpent* CURLS, ye *poison-tendrils* go—
 Would I could tear thy memory from my mind,
 Accursed Lock—thou cause of all my woe !

Seize the curst curls, ye Furies as they fly !
 Dæmons of darkness, guard the infernal roll,
 That thence your cruel vengeance when I die,
 May knit the knots of torture for my soul.

Last night—Oh hear me Heaven, and grant my prayer !
 The Book of Fate before thy suppliant lay,
 And let me from its ample records tear
Only the single PAGE OF YESTERDAY !

Or let me meet old Time upon his flight,
 And I will stop him on his restless way ;
 Omnipotent in Love's resistless might,
I'll force him back the ROAD OF YESTERDAY.

Last night, as o'er the page of Love's despair,
 My Delia bent deliciously to grieve ;
 I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,
 And drew the fatal scissars from my sleeve :

And would that at that instant o'er my thread
 The shears of Atropos had open'd then ;
 And when I reft the lock from Delia's head,
 Had cut me sudden from the sons of men !

She heard the scissars that fair lock divide,
 And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
 She cast a fury frown on me, and cried,
 " You stupid puppy—you have spoil'd my wig !"

The OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

And how he gained them.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 The few locks that are left you are grey,
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
 Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
 I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first
 That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 And pleasures with youth pass away,
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone.
 Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away ;
You are chearful, and love to converse upon death !
Now tell me the reason I pray.

I am chearful young man, Father William replied,
Let the cause thy attention engage ;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God !
And He hath not forgotten my age.

S.

The WELL of St. KEYNE,

I know not whether it be worth the reporting that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a Well arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.

Fuller.

A Well there is in the west-country,
 And a clearer one never was seen ;
 There is not a wife in the west-country
 But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
 And behind does an ash tree grow,
 And a willow from the bank above
 Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ;
 Pleasant it was to his eye,
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear
 For thirsty and hot was he,
 And he sat down upon the bank
 Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
 At the Well to fill his pail,
 On the Well-side he rested it
 And bade the stranger hail.

Now art thou a batchelor Stranger ? quoth he,
 For an if thou hast a wife
 The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has your good woman, if one you have,
 In Cornwall ever been ?
 For an if she have, I'll venture my life
 She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.

I have left a good woman who never was here,
 The stranger he made reply.
 But that my draught should be better for that
 I pray you answer me why.

St. Keyne, quoth the countryman, many a time
 Drank of this crystal well,
 And before the Angel summoned her
 She laid on the water a spell.

If the husband of this gifted Well
 Shall drink before his wife,
 A happy man thenceforth is he
 For he shall be master for life.

But if the wife should drink of it first
 God help the husband then !
 The stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,
 And drank of the waters again.

You drank of the Well I warrant betimes ?
 He to the countryman said.
 But the countryman smil'd as the stranger spake,
 And sheepishly shook his head.

I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done
And left my wife in the porch.
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.

R. S. Y.

THE SEAS.

I.

When Ormuz bade the flooded earth be dry
And for the waters scoop'd their final home,
O'er each abyss Ferouers of the sky
Took charge, lest once again the surges roam.
On trembling Kaf reposed the throne of flame
While the four Spirits wait their destined brides to claim.

II.

The giant sovereign of the Peaceful Main
Arose majestic as his silent flood;
Then Ormuz beckoned from the immortal train
The goddess Pleasure, and her hand bestowed.
Swift to the sea in swimming dance she fled
And softer-curling billows kist her sparkling tread.

III.

The indented shore with airy haste she sought,
 To arch the musky wood and roseate bower ;
 The nightingale from wavering boughs she taught
 The warbled luxury of song to pour ;
 Love uncontroul'd thro' her warm empire roves
 From Ind's voluptuous banks to Otaheite's groves.

IV.

The humbler Spirit of the Midland Sea
 Now bent before the throne his graceful head.
 Fair Taste approach'd ; the youth arose with glee
 Gazed and with transport seiz'd the laurell'd Maid.
 In his pure wave she bathed her willing feet,
 And round its myrtled brink rear'd many a hallow'd seat.

V.

Soon on the shore she cast a dwelling eye
 Where Inspiration o'er Idumean palms
 First learnt to wave his seraph-wing on high ;
 Thence wandered statelier to Natolian realms,
 Where with the lightning of empyreal frame
 Her Homer's tongue she steep'd in unkindled flame.

VI.

Slow is her lingering way from Greece, averse,
 Till not a winding bay or shaded cape
 Remains unwatered with the dew of verse.

Twice to Hesperia's coast she bent her step,
 And saw with rapture o'er its olived height
 The fore-world's crimson eve, the dawn of modern light.

VII.

The Baltic Genius then with sounding stride
 Advancing, bow'd before the Lord of power ;
 Received stern Valor for his blooming bride
 And to his amber'd strand the Virgin bore,
 The steel-clad Goddess loud her love confest,
 Play'd with his icy beard, and clasp'd his rugged breast.

VIII.

He who the wide Atlantic Ocean binds
 Now upwards turn'd a trembling hoping eye,
 His prayer great Ormuz cast not to the winds
 But gave his last best gift, dear Liberty.
 Rich tears of joy the exulting Spirit shed
 And bore the zoneless nymph triumphant to his bed.

IX.

Awhile he throned her on the snowy hills
 O'ercanopied with glare of northern dawn
 Where Hecla's front its liquid fire distils.

Anon, he twined her on the oaky lawn
 Of Albion's coast a seldom-fading bower,—
 Corruptions mildews hence ! it scorns the axe of Power.

X.

Then far in west he built her many a fane
 To the hoarse sound of Civil Discords song,
 And proudly pointed to her future reign,
 When swarthy tribes their sugar-isles among
 Should lisp her praise, and gathering whirlwinds bear
 Her deed-inspiring name to Gallia's troubled ear.

RYALTO.

*THE PIG.**A COLLOQUIAL POEM.*

Jacob ! I do not love to see thy nose
 Turned up in scornful curve at yonder Pig.
 It would be well, my friend, if thou and I
 Had like that Pig attained the perfectness
 Made reachable by Nature ! why dislike
 The sow-born grunter ?—he is obstinate,
 Thou answerest, ugly, and the filthiest beast
 That banquets upon offal. Now I pray you
 Hear the Pig's Counsel.

Is he obstinate ?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
 By sophist sounds. A democratic beast
 He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
 Their profit and not his. He hath not learnt
 That Pigs were made for man, born to be brawn'd
 And baconized ; that he must please to give

Just what his gracious masters please to take ;
 Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave
 For self-defence, the general privilege ;
 Perhaps—hark Jacob ! dost thou hear that horn ?
 Woe to the young posterity of pork !
 Their enemy is at hand.

Again. Thou say'st
 The Pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him !
 Those eyes have taught the Lover flattery.
 His face,—nay Jacob, Jacob ! were it fair
 To judge a Lady in her dishabille ?
 Fancy it drest, and with salt-petre rouged.
 Behold his tail, my friend ; with curls like that
 The wanton hop marries her stately spouse ;
 So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair
 Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
 And what is beauty, but the aptitude
 Of parts harmonious ? give thy fancy scope
 And thou wilt find that no imagined change
 Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
 The starry glories of the Peacock's pride,
 Give him the Swan's white breast, for his horn-hoofs
 Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
 Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,
 When Venus from the enamour'd sea arose ;—

Jacob, thou can'st but make a monster of him,
 All alteration man could think, would mar
 His Pig-perfection.

The last charge—he lives
 A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
 With noble and right-reverend precedents,
 And show by sanction of authority
 That 'tis a very honourable thing
 To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
 On better ground the unanswerable defence.
 The Pig is a philosopher, who knows
 No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt?
 If matter, why the delicate dish that tempts
 An o'ergorged Epicure to the last morsel
 That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more.
 If matter be not, but as Sages say,
 Spirit is all, and all things visible
 Are one, the infinitely modified,
 Think, Jacob, what that Pig is, and the mire
 In which he stands knee-deep?

And there! that breeze
 Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
 That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
 Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

THEODERIT.

The PIOUS PAINTER.

*The story of the Pious Painter is related in the Pia Hilarie
of Gazæus, but the Catholic Poet has omitted the conclusion.
This is to be found in the Fabliaux of Le Grand.*

THE FIRST PART.

There once was a Painter in Catholic days,
Like JOB who eschewed all evil.
Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze
With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were Angels, compared to the Devils he drew,
Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell ;
Such burning hot eyes, such a damnable hue !
You could even smell brimstone their breath was so blue,
He painted the Devil so well.

And now had the Artist a picture begun,
 'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
 She stood on the Dragon embracing her Son,
 Many Devils already the Artist had done,
 But this must out-do all before.

The Old Dragon's imps as they fled thro' the air
 At seeing it paus'd on the wing.
 For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
 That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
 To pay their respects to their King.

Every child at beholding it shivered with dread
 And scream'd as he turn'd away quick.
 Not an old Woman saw it, but raising her head,
 Dropt a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,
 God keep me from ugly Old Nick!

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
 He sometimes would dream of by night;
 But once he was startled as sleeping he lay,
 'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
 That the Devil himself was in sight.

You rascally dauber ! old Beelzebub cries,
 Take heed how you wrong me again !
 Tho' your caricatures for myself I despise,
 Make me handsomer now in the multitudes eyes,
 Or see if I threaten in vain !

Now the Painter was bold and religious beside,
 And on faith he had certain reliance.
 So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
 And thank'd him for sitting, with Catholic pride,
 And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
 He is ready as soon as 'tis light.
 Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
 'Tis fresh in his eye, to his labour he goes,
 And he has the old Wicked One quite.

Happy man ! he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
 The tip of the nose is red hot,
 There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with scale
 And that the identical curl of his tail—
 Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks and retouches again with delight,
 'Tis a portrait compleat to his mind !
 He touches again, and again feeds his sight,
 He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright
 The Original standing behind.

Fool ! Idiot ! old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke
 And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire.
 The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
 'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,
 The Devil could wish it no higher.

Help—help me ! O Mary ! he cried in alarm
 As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
 From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
 She caught the good Painter, she saved him from harm,
 There were hundreds who saw in the street.

The Old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied
 And cursed his own fruitless endeavour.
 While the Painter call'd after his rage to deride,
 Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph and cried,
 I'll paint thee more ugly than ever !

The PIOUS PAINTER.

THE SECOND PART.

The Painter so pious all praise had acquired
 For defying the malice of Hell ;
 The Monks the unerring resemblance admired :
 Not a Lady lived near but her portrait desired
 From one who succeeded so well.

One there was to be painted the number among
 Of features most fair to behold ;
 The country around of fair Marguerite rung,
 Marguerite she was lovely and lively and young,
 Her husband was ugly and old.

O Painter avoid her ! O Painter take care !
 For Satan is watchful for you !
 Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked One's snare,
 The net is made ready, O Painter beware
 Of Satan and Marguerite too.

She seats herself now, now she lifts up her head,
 On the Artist she fixes her eyes ;
 The colours are ready, the canvas is spread,
 He lays on the white, and he lays on the red,
 And the features of beauty arise.

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright and so blue !
 There's a look that he cannot express ;—
 His colours are dull to their quick-sparkling hue,
 More and more on the Lady he fixes his view,
 On the canvas he looks less and less.

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle more,
 And that look that fair Marguerite gave !
 Many Devils the Artist had painted of yore
 But he never attempted an Angel before—
 St. Anthony help him and save !

He yielded alas ! for the truth must be told,
 To the Woman, the Tempter and Fate.
 It was settled the Lady so fair to behold,
 Should elope from her husband so ugly and old,
 With the Painter so pious of late !

Now Satan exalts in his vengeance compleat,
 To the Husband he makes the scheme known,
 Night comes and the lovers impatiently meet,
 Together they fly, they are seiz'd in the street,
 And in prison the Painter is thrown.

With Repentance, his only companion, he lies,
 And a dismal companion is she !
 On a sudden he saw the Old Serpent arise,
 Now you villainous dauber ! Old Beelzebub cries,
 You are paid for your insults to me !

But my tender heart it is easy to move
 If to what I propose you agree ;
 That picture,—be just ! the resemblance improve,
 Make a handsomer portrait, your chains I'll remove,
 And you shall this instant be free.

Overjoyed, the conditions so easy he hears,
 I'll make you quite handsome ! he said,
 He said, and his chain on the Devil appears,
 Releas'd from his prison, releas'd from his fears,
 The Painter is snug in his bed.

At morn he arises, composes his look,
 And proceeds to his work as before ;
 The people beheld him, the culprit they took,
 They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,
 And to prison they led him once more.

They open the dungeon, behold in his place
 In the corner old Beelzebub lay.
 He smirks and he smiles and he teers with a grace,
 That the Painter might catch all the charms of his face.
 Then vanish'd in lightning away.

Quoth the Painter, I trust you'll suspect me no more,
 Since you find my assertions were true.
 But I'll alter the picture above the Church door,
 For I never saw Satan so closely before,
 And I must give the Devil his due.

On some **MODERN IMPROVEMENTS**

In a celebrated **SPOT** in

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Oh you who these crags in so happy a taste
 With border and trim palisado have graced !
 Push on your improvements ; and fail not to block
 With a neat front of brickwork yon opposite rock.

T. B.

On Reading MAJOR CARTWRIGHT'S APPEAL, &c.

By GEORGE DYER.

Ah ! why should Song, enchanting Song,
 Her votaries lose in Error's maze,
 Why Flattery, pois'ning future days,
 Give Pride those laurels, that to Truth belong ?
 Avaunt ! thou Bard of ancient time,
 I hate the base insidious lyre,
 That bids the gazing crowds retire,
 While tyrants sit as Gods sublime.

I hail the man of generous frame,
 Who beams with love of humankind,
 Who leaves the vulgar great behind,
 And scorns the splendid treacheries of a name.
 Patriots ! the touch-stone page explore,
 The wily statesman's craft it shews,
 And blood-stain'd heroes to expose
 Unfolds lov'd Freedom's sacred lore.

Where Discord hurl'd her torch on high,
 Recount the warrior-Romans dead
 The blood of gallant Britons shed,
 Her vassal'd sons hear humbled Gallia sigh !
 How stream'd the Rhine with German gore !
 Let Cæsar mount the Victor's car ;
 And Rome, amid the spoils of war,
 Her Conqueror, and the World's adore !

Ah ! vain the pomp, the imperial sway,
 When Justice takes her watchful stand,
 Actions she weighs with patient hand,
 Nor dares she rashly give her palms away ;
 She spurns the mad heroic race,
 And oft, while Pœans rend the skies,
 While altars, breathing incense, rise,
 The Conqueror marks for long disgrace.

Lift high to Catharine's name the strain,
 Oh ! Russia, deck thy Monarch's brow ;—
 But, first, survey that Form of woe
 Stalk ghastly over Warsaw's fated plain,
 And hear the groan from Ismael's tower,
 The pond'rous groans of thousands rise ;
 And womens screams and infants cries,
 Attended Conquest's baneful hour.

Then hail thy Catharine wise and great,
 Then proudly wave thy banners round,
 And spread the trump's parade of sound,
 The pomp of robes, and all the monarch state.

But see her day of glory flown—
 Europe has curs'd her baneful name,
 And Nature veils herself in shame,
 To think what ruffians wear a crown.

Yet Fame shall her Elysium raise,
 While Genius culls his wreath of flowers,
 And seated in unfading bowers,
 Alfred, ennobled, shine through endless days.
 And circle high the mount sublime,
 Fancy has hail'd the vision'd sight,
 Round living streams of sapphire bright,
 The Bards, who raise the lofty rhyme.

" Blest, Alfred, be thy honoured name :
 " A people's voice of praise is sweet—
 " And sweet the songs, his ears that greet,
 " The Prince, whose bosom glows with Freedom's flame.
 " Still blossom, 'mid the lapse of years,
 " The laurels wreath'd on virtue's brow,
 " In richer pride their honours blow,
 " And age their memory but endears.

" See Britain rising from her seat,
 " Proud of her rights, and equal laws,
 " Ardent in Freedom's sacred cause
 " Proclaims thee, Alfred, wise and good and great.
 " 'Twas thine each citizen to fire,
 " They pant the thirsty lance to wield,
 " They rush impetuous to the field,
 " And Freedom sees her foes expire.

They ceas'd—and cease the lyric strain—
 For Alfred lives, to bless no more,
 Though still, its day of splendor o'er,
 Downward the sun but sinks to rise again.
 Thus Alfred shines, a glorious name,
 And darting golden glories high,
 Still marches stately through the sky,
 While Nations bless the sacred flame.

The TRAVELLER's RETURN.

Sweet to the morning traveller
The sky-lark's earliest song,
Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits
The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bells sound,

And sweet the neighbouring church's bell
That marks his journey's bourne ;
But sweetest is the voice of Love
That welcomes his return.

To a SPIDER.

Spider ! thou need'st not run in fear about
 To shun my curious eyes,
 I won't humanely crush thy bowels out
 Lest thou should'st eat the flies,—
 Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight
 Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
 For there is one who might
 One day roast me.

Thou art welcome to a Rhymer sore-perplex,
 The subject of his verse :
 There's many a one who on a better text
 Perhaps might comment worse.
 Then shrink not, old Free-Mason, from my view,
 But quietly like me spin out the line ;
 Do thou thy work pursue
 As I will mine.

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the ways
 Of Satan, Sire of lies ;
 Hell's huge black Spider for mankind he lays
 His toils as thou for flies.

When Betty's busy eye runs round the room
 Woe to that nice geometry, if seen !
 But where is he whose broom
 The earth shall clean ?

Spider ! of old thy flimsy webs were thought,
 And 'twas a likeness true,
 To emblem laws in which the weak are caught
 But which the strong break through.
 And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
 Like some poor client is that wretched fly—
 I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain
 His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
 And care on earth employ'd ?
 Such are young hopes and Love's delightful dreams
 So easily destroyed !
 So does the Statesman, whilst the Avengers sleep,
 Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret lay,
 Soon shall Destruction sweep
 His work away.

Thou busy labourer ! one resemblance more
 Shall yet the verse prolong,
 For Spider, thou art like the Poet poor,
 Whom thou hast help'd in song.
 Both busily our needful food to win,
 We work, as Nature taught, with ceaseless pains,
 Thy bowels thou dost spin,
 I spin my brains.

ERTHUSYO.

The DEAD FRIEND.

Not to the grave, not to the grave my Soul
 Descend to contemplate
 The form that once was dear !
 Feed not on thoughts so loathly horrible !
 The Spirit is not there
 That kindled that dead eye,
 That throbb'd in that cold heart,
 That in that motionless hand
 Has met thy friendly grasp.
 The Spirit is not there !
 It is but lifeless, perishable flesh
 That moulders in the grave,
 Earth, air and waters ministering particles
 Now to the elements
 Resolv'd, their uses done.
 Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
 Follow thy friend beloved,
 The Spirit is not there !

Often together have we talk'd of death,

How sweet it were to see

All doubtful things made clear,

How sweet it were with powers

Such as the Cherubim,

To view the depth of Heaven !

O * * ! thou hast first

Begun the travel of Eternity !

I gaze amid the stars,

And think that thou art there,

Unfettered as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said how sweet it were

With unseen ministry of angel power

To watch the friends we loved.

* * ! we did not err !

Sure I have felt thy presence ! thou hast given

A birth to holy thought,

Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure.

* * ! we did not err !

Our best affections here

They are not like the toys of infancy ;

The Soul outgrows them not,

We do not cast them off,

Oh if it could be so

It were indeed a dreadful thing to die !

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved !
But in the lonely hour
But in the evening walk,
Think that he companies thy solitude,
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse,
And tho' Remembrance wake a tear
There will be joy in grief.

The DANCING BEAR.

Recommended to the Advocates for the SLAVE-TRADE.

Rare music ! I would rather hear cat-courtship
Under my bed-room window in the night,
Than this scraped cat-gut's scream. Rare dancing too !
Alas poor Bruin ! How he foots the pole
And waddles round it with unwieldy steps
Swaying from side to side !—The dancing master
Hath had as profitless a pupil in thee
As when he would have tortured my poor toes
To minuet grace, and made them move like clock-work
In musical obedience. Bruin ! Bruin !
Thou art but a clumsy biped !—and the mob
With noisy merriment mock his heavy pace,
And laugh to see him led by the nose,—themselves
Led by the nose, embruted, and in the eye
Of Reason from their Natures purposes
As miserably perverted.

Bruin-Bear,

Now could I sonnetizè thy piteous plight,
And prove how much my sympathetic heart
Even for the miseries of a beast can feel,
In fourteen lines of sensibility.

But we are told all things were made for man,
And I'll be sworn there's not a fellow here
Who would not swear 'twere hanging blasphemy
To doubt that truth. Therefore as thou wert born
Bruin ! for man, and man makes nothing of thee
In any other way, most logically
It follows, that thou must be born to dance,
That that great snout of thine was form'd on purpose
To hold a ring, and that thy fat was given thee
Only to make pomatum !

To demur

Were heresy. And politicians say,
(Wise men who in the scale of reason give
No foolish feelings weight,) that thou art here
Far happier than thy brother bears who roam
O'er trackless snows for food ; that being born
Inferiour to thy leader, unto him
Rightly belongs dominion ; that the compact
Was made between ye, when thy clumsy feet
First fell into the snare, and he gave up

His right to kill, conditioning thy life
 Should thenceforth be his property :—besides,
 'Tis wholesome for thy morals to be brought
 From savage climes into a civilized state,
 Into the decencies of Christendom.—
 Bear ! Bear ! it passes in the Parliament
 For excellent logic this ! what if we say
 How barbarously man abuses power,
 Talk of thy baiting, it will be replied,
 Thy welfare is thy owner's interest,
 But wert thou baited it would injure thee,
 Therefore thou art not baited. For seven years
 Hear it o Heaven, and give ear o Earth !
 For seven long years this precious syllogism
 Has baffled justice and humanity !

THEODERIT.

THE IVY.

I stood beneath the castle wall
And mark'd the ivy bower,
That fragrant in its autumn bloom
Wreathed round the mouldering tower.

The plant insinuates its roots
To rend the ruined wall,
And yet with close and treacherous arms
Suspends awhile its fall.

I mus'd upon its antient strength
Its hastening dissolution,
And thought upon the Ivy friends
Who prop our Constitution.

R.

MONODRAMA.

The WIFE of FERGUS.

Fergusius 3. perūt veneno ab uxore dato. Alii scribunt cum uxor sæpe exprobrasset ei matrimonii contemptum et pellicum greges, neque quicquam profecisset, tandem noctu dormientem ab eā strangulatum. Quæstione de morte ejus habitā, cum amicorum plurimi insimularentur, nec quicquam ne in gravissimis quidem tormentis quicquam fatetur, mulier, alioqui ferox, tot innoxiorum capitum miserta, in medium processit, ac e superiore loco cædem a se factam confessa, ne ad ludibrium superesset, pectus cultro transfidit: quod ejus factum varie pro cujusque ingenio est acceptum, ac perinde sermonibus celebratum.

Buchanan.

SCENE the Palace Court. The Queen speaking from the Battlements.

Cease—cease your torments ! spare the sufferers !
 Scotchmen, not theirs the deed ;—the crime was mine,
 Mine is the glory.

Idle threats ! I stand

Secure. All access to these battlements
Is barr'd beyond your sudden strength to force,
And lo ! the dagger by which Fergus died !

Shame on you Scotchmen, that a woman's hand
Was left to do this deed ! Shame on you Thanes,
Who with slave-patience have so long endured
The wrongs, the insolence of tyranny !
Ye coward race !—that not a husband's sword
Smote that adulterous King ! that not a wife
Revenged her own pollution, in his blood
Wash'd her soul pure, and for the sin compell'd
Atoned by virtuous murder ! oh my God !
Of what beast-matter hast thou moulded them
To bear with wrongs like these ? there was a time
When if the Bard had feign'd you such a tale
Your eyes had throb'd with anger, and your hands
In honest instinct would have graspt the sword.
O miserable men who have disgraced
Your fathers, whom your sons must blush to name !

Aye—ye can threaten me ! ye can be brave
In anger to a woman ! one whose virtue
Upbraids your coward vice ; whose name will live

Honoured and prais'd in song, when not a hand
 Shall root from your forgotten monuments
 The cankering moss. Fools ! fools ! to think that death
 Is not a thing familiar to my mind !
 As if I knew not what must consummate
 My glory ! as if ought that earth can give
 Could tempt me to endure the load of life !
 Scotchmen ! ye saw when Fergus to the altar
 Led me, his maiden Queen. Ye blest me then,
 I heard you bless me, and I thought that Heaven
 Had heard you also and that I was blest,
 For I loved Fergus. Bear me witness, God !
 With what a sacred heart-sincerity
 My lips pronounced the unrecallable vow
 That made me his, him mine ; bear witness Thou !
 Before whose throne I this day must appear
 Stain'd with his blood and mine ! my heart was his—
 His in the strength of all its first affections.
 In all obedience, in all love, I kept
 Holy my marriage vow. Behold me Thaness !
 Time hath not changed the face on which his eye
 So often dwelt, when with assiduous care
 He sought my love, with seeming truth, for one,
 Sincere herself, impossible to doubt.
 Time hath not changed that face ;—I speak not now

With pride of beauties that will feed the worm
 To morrow ! but with joyful pride I say
 That if the truest and most perfect love
 Deserved requital, such was ever mine.
 How often reeking from the adulterous bed
 Have I received him ! and with no complaint.
 Neglect and insult, cruelty and scorn
 Long, long did I endure, and long curb down
 The indignant nature.

Tell your countrymen,
 Scotchmen, what I have spoken—say to them
 Ye saw the Queen of Scotland lift the dagger
 Red from her husband's heart ; that in her own
 She plunged it.

stabs herself.

Tell them also, that she felt
 No guilty fear in death.

S.

The SOLDIER's FUNERAL.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

It is the funeral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds !
Hark ! from the blacken'd cymbal that dead tone—
It awes the very rabble multitude,
They follow silently, their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
And pageantry of death that with such force
Arrests the sense,—the mute and mourning train,
The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse,
Had past unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At pride's last triumph. Now these measur'd sounds
This universal language, to the heart
Speak instant, and on all these various minds
Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts
 Will pass away, how soon ! and these who here
 Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
 Ere the night fall, will in their revelry
 Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life
 Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
 No resting place, no dear delights of home,
 Belike who never saw his children's face,
 Whose children knew no father, he is gone,
 Dropt from existence, like the withered leaf
 That from the summer tree is swept away,
 Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
 Who bore him, and already for her son
 Her tears of bitterness are shed : when first
 He had put on the livery of blood,
 She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed
 Clay in the potter's hand ! one favour'd mind
 Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore
 The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man
 Fram'd with like miracle the work of God,
 Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
 A life of labour, like this soldier here,
 His wonderous faculties bestow'd in vain,
 Be moulded by his fate till he becomes
 A mere machine of murder.

And there are

Who say that this is well ! as God has made
 All things for man's good pleasure, so of men
 The many for the few ! court-moralists,
 Reverend lip-comforters that once a week
 Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
 Shall have their wealth hereafter, and tho' now
 Toiling and troubled, tho' they pick the crumbs
 That from the rich man's table fall, at length
 In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
 Themselves meantime secure their good things here
 And dine with Dives. These are they O Lord !
 Who in thy plain and simple gospel see
 All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoined,
 No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them
 Who shed their brethren's blood,—blind at noon day
 As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness !

O my God !

I thank thee that I am not such as these,
 I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart
 That feels, the voice that in these evil days
 That amid evil tongues, exalts itself
 And cries aloud against the iniquity.

AGE and YOUTH.

By JOSEPH COTTLE.

AGE.

Talk not thus, unthinking youth,
 Darting the enthusiast eyes,
Of your justice and your truth,
 And the liberty you prize ;
You are now to manhood risen,
 Cast your cloister'd dreams away !
You must burst your mental prison,
 And endure the light of day.

YOUTH.

Must I ever bid adieu
 To the hopes I long have known,
 And in sorrow find like you
 That the dreams of youth are flown ?
 Must I check the glow of anguish
 For a world so lost and blind ?
 And, beholding Virtue languish,
 Heap my praises on mankind ?

AGE.

What is Virtue but a name ?
 Phantom of the Hermit's cell !
 Those who covet wealth and fame,
 Must with other Beings dwell ;
 For the God whom men adore,
 And whose laws alone can chain ;
 INTEREST is, as was before,
 And forever will remain.

YOUTH.

I will never meanly swerve
 From the deed my heart allow'd,
 I will never Interest serve,
 God of the ambitious crowd !
 Wealth and fame, if these forsake me
 For the loves my heart beguile ;
 Tho' at eve the storm o'ertake me,
 In the morning I shall smile.

AGE.

Are you fix'd to this decision ?
 Think how all men will despise ;
 Can you bear the world's derision ?
 Can you meet their scornful eyes ?
 You may talk and you may blame,
 Till with talking you are old ;
 In a world so dead to shame,
 Virtue must be bought and sold.

YOUTH.

Never, never, ancient Father !
Virtue must not stoop so low ;
Truth and freedom I would rather
Honor, than all forms below ;
These the spring of life shall nourish ;
When the wintry tempests sound,
Like the bay-tree, these shall flourish
Greener for the waste around.

AGE.

Thoughtless Youth ! you little know
What delusions round you throng ;
You may feel your bosom glow
At the sound of freedom's song ;
You the rain-bow tints may cast
O'er the forms that please your eye ;
But, experience will at last
Show that all was vanity.

YOUTH.

Can it be that scenes so fair,
Marshall'd in their proud array;
Like the gorgeous glories are
That follow on the parting day?
Must the youth whose heart aspires
To the beautiful and good,
Quench his first and best desires,
In Corruption's deadly flood?

AGE.

Yes, the Youth must in the stream,
Plunge and leave them all behind;
Nor in manhood idly dream
Of friendship true and justice blind.
From the first it was the rule
That strength should hold the sov'reignty
All, are either knave or fool,
Such they were and still will be.

YOUTH.

Let me then awhile enjoy
Prospects that so soon must fade;
Why should gloomy fears annoy?
Why, the future, now invade?
Why should Mariners who gaze
At the blue and tranquil sky;
Looking on to stormy days,
Lose the pleasure that is nigh?

AGE.

I am fearful, you are bold,
And wish perpetual Spring to reign;
You are young, but I am old,
And tell you Winter must remain:
The fire of youth will soon subside,—
Its airy castles come to nought;
Then will you, with conscious pride,
Others teach as I have taught.

YOUTH.

Justice, teach, to treat with laughter !

Virtue, scoff-at ! vice pursue !

I have heard of an hereafter .

And believe that it is true.

But, if living, I must free

My nature from its Spring divine—

Father ! may I never see

The Winter of an age like thine !

*Copied from the Wall of the Room in BRISTOL NEWGATE,
where SAVAGE died.*

Here Savage linger'd long and here expired !
The mean—the proud—the censured—the admired !

If, wandering o'er misfortune's sad retreat
Stranger ! these lines arrest thy passing feet,
And recollection urge the deeds of shame,
That tarnish'd once an unblest Poet's fame ;
Judge not another till thyself art free,
And hear the gentle voice of Charity.
' No Friend receiv'd him, and " no Mother's care
" Shelter'd his infant innocence with prayer ;
" No Father's guardian hand his Youth maintain'd,
" Call'd forth his virtues or from vice restrain'd."

Reader ! hadst thou been to neglect consign'd
And cast upon the mercy of mankind,

Through the wide world like Savage forced to stray,
And find like him, one long and stormy day ;
Objects less noble might thy soul have fired,
Or deeper crimes thine orphan breast inspired.
Whilst poring o'er another's mad career,
Drop for thyself the penitential tear :
Tho' prized by friends and nurst in innocence
How oft has folly wrong'd thy better sense ?
But if some virtues in thy breast there be
Ask if they sprang from *circumstance* or *thee* !
And ever to thy heart, the precept bear,
When thine own conscience smites, a wayward brother
spare !

Extract from an unfinished poem on

MOUNT's - BAY.

By HUMPHRY DAVY.

Mild blows the Zephyr o'er the ocean dark
The Zephyr wafting the grey twilight clouds
Across the waves to drink the solar rays
And blush with purple.

By the orient gleam
Whitening the foam of the blue wave that breaks
Around his granite feet ; but dimly seen
Majestic Michael rises. He whose brow
Is crown'd with castles, and whose rocky sides
Are clad with dusky ivy. He whose base
Beat by the storms of ages stands unmoved
Amidst the wreck of things, the change of time.
That base encircled by the azure waves
Was once with verdure clad ; the tow'ring oaks
There waved their branches green, the sacred oaks
Whose awful shades among, the Druids stray'd
To cut the hallow'd miseltoe, and hold
High converse with their Gods.

On yon rough craig
 Where the wild Tamarisk whistles to the sea blast
 The Druid's harp was heard, swept by the breeze
 To softest music, or to grander tones
 Awakened by the awful master's hand.
 Those tones shall sound no more! The rushing waves,
 Raised from the vast Atlantic have o'erwhelm'd
 The sacred groves. And deep the Druids lie
 In the dark mist-clad sea of former time.
 Ages had pass'd away, the stony altar
 Was white with moss, when on its rugged base
 Dire Superstition raised the gothic fane
 And monks and priests existed.

On the sea
 The sunbeams tremble : and the purple light
 Illumes the dark Bolerium* seat of storms.
 High are his granite rocks. His frowning brow
 Hangs o'er the smiling ocean. In his caves
 The Atlantic breezes murmur. In his caves
 Where sleep the haggard Spirits of the storm
 Wild dreary are the shistinet† rocks around

* The Land's End in Cornwall.

† The granite in Cornwall, is generally found incumbent on primitive shistus. This is the case in many of the cliffs at

Encircled by the wave, where to the breeze
 The haggard Cormorant shrieks. And far beyond
 Where the great ocean mingles with the sky
 Are seen the cloud-like Islands* grey in mists.

Thy awful height Bolerium is not loved
 By busy Man, and no one wanders there
 Save He who follows Nature : He who seeks
 Amidst thy craigs and storm-beat rocks to find
 The marks of changes teaching the great laws
 That raised the globe from Chaos. Or He whose soul
 Is warm with fire poetic, He who feels
 When Nature smiles in beauty, or sublime
 Rises in majesty. He who can stand
 Unaw'd upon thy summit clad in tempests
 And view with raptured mind the roaring deep
 Rise o'er thy foam-clad base, while the black cloud
 Bursts with the fire of Heaven.

He whose heart

Is warm with love and mercy, He whose eye
 Drops the bright tear when anxious Fancy paints

the Land's End. The upper stratum is composed of granite,
 the lower with the surrounding rocks of Shistus.

* The Islands of Scilly.

Upon his mind the image of the Maid,
 The blue-eyed Maid who died beneath thy surge.
 Where yon dark cliff* o'ershadows the blue main
 THEORA died amidst the stormy waves,
 And on its feet the sea-dews wash'd her corpse
 And the wild breath of storms shook her black locks.
 Young was THEORA, bluer was her eye
 Than the bright azure of the moonlight night,
 Fair was her cheek as is the ocean cloud
 Red with the morning ray.

Amidst the groves

And greens and nodding rocks that overhang
 The grey Killarney, passed her morning days
 Bright with the beams of joy.

To Solitude

To Nature and to God she gave her youth.
 Hence were her passions tuned to harmony.
 Her azure eye oft glistened with the tear
 Of sensibility, and her soft cheek
 Glow'd with the blush of rapture. Hence she loved
 To wander midst the green wood silvered o'er
 By the bright moonbeam. Hence she loved the rocks

* A Rock near the Land's End, called the Irish Lady.

Crown'd with the nodding ivy : and the lake
 Fair with the purple morning, and the sea
 Expansive mingling with the arched sky.
 Kindled by genius in her bosom glowed
 The sacred fire of freedom. Hence she scorn'd
 The narrow laws of custom that controul
 Her feeble sex. Great in her energies
 She roamed the fields of Nature, scann'd the laws
 That move the ruling atoms, changing still,
 Still rising into life. Her eagle eye
 Piercing the blue immensity of space
 Held converse with the lucid sons of Heaven
 The day-stars of creation, or pursued
 The dusky planets rolling round the sun
 And drinking in his radiance, light and life.
 Such was the Maiden ! such was she who fled
 Her native shores.

Dark in the midnight cloud

When the wild blast upon its pinions bore
 The dying shrieks of Erin's injured sons,*

* The Irish Lady was shipwrecked at the Land's End about
 the time of the massacre of the Irish Protestants by the
 Catholics, in the reign of Charles the First.

She 'scaped the murderer's arm.

The British bark

Bore her across the ocean. From the west
The whirlwind rose, the fire-fraught clouds of Heaven
Were mingled with the wave. The shattered bark
Sunk at thy feet Bolerium : and the white surge
Closed on green Erin's daughter.

*DOMICILIARY VERSES.**DECEMBER 1795.*

Invitingly yon single-storied cot
Peeps o'er the frosted heath. The broad, brown door,
Scaled of its white-wash, is so low that he
Who steps in upright, steps in jeopardy
To smite his forehead. Two projecting walls
Fence in the roomy fire-place. Close by each
Is set an oaken bench, on whose hard sides,
His sore impatience many a lubber loon,
Keen for his meal, has notched. Here, when silently
Coating the green and lozenged panes, thick snow
Bedims the scanty daylight, nestles the snug
Family, delighted up the chimney's shaft,
Illumining the chasm, to trace the spark's
Ascent ; or touch with timid finger-tip
The faggot's hissing ooze, and snift the fumes.

I knew an Irishman ; to England he
Came every spring a hay-making ; and much
Would praise his cabin. By a bog it stood,
And he had store of peats. Without a chimney
Stood the little cabin. Full of warmth and smoke,
It cherished its owner. The smoke he loved,
Loved for the warmth's sake, though it bleared his eyes.

Now when the North-East pinches, I bethink me
Of this poor Irishman ; and think " how sweet
" It were to house with him, and pat his cur,
" And peel potatoes mid his cabin's smoke."

PASSAGES,

*Extracted from imitative "Verses on Alexander's Expedition
down the Hydaspes and the Indus, to the Indian Ocean,"
printed in 1792, but not published.*

—Here closed his lips—still spake his glistening eye—
Still Admiration heaved her deep-drawn sigh—
Around the soul-rapt Chief, in crowded rings,
His kindling warriors press—the destined kings
Of mighty states—They catch the Monarch's fire.
Their gestures, quick, the train remote inspire.
From breast to breast triumphal ardours run
And all partake the bliss of Philip's son.

At first low murmurs creep ; at length the bands
Ope their glad lips and smite their joyous hands,
Till land and waters pour exulting cries
And pealing shouts assail the Indian skies—
—He, from applauding myriads' loud acclaim,
Accepts the omen of immortal fame,

And feels assuaged, in that enraptured hour,
His burning thirst of glory and of power.

* * * * *

To her scared eye, as Fate's dark leaves disclose
The ghastly characters of India's woes
Thy parting sail, O King, the pensive Muse
With many a sigh, down Indus' stream pursues—
—Large was thy thought, and liberal was thy soul,
Nor stooped thy glance beneath bright Honour's goal;
Beyond the Sage's amplest grasp, thy mind
Embraced the general mass of Humankind:
And spurned, with firm disdain, the barbarous rule
Framed by the founder of the subtle school.*
To agonizing woe and captive fear
Thy pity gave the warm, balsamic tear.
And hark! where HISTORY, mid the dome of Fame,
Awards the tyrant's and the conqueror's shame,
While all the nations mingled round the throne,
Wait on her lips, and catch each awful tone,

* The inhuman ideas on the subject of slavery entertained by the Greek philosophers are well known. Aristotle advised Alexander to treat the barbarians (all but Greeks) as slaves.

Humanity's mild voice, still raised for **THEE**,
Abates the rigour of her stern decree.

Lo ! in redundant current, Commerce pours
Obedient to thy call, her Eastern stores :
And still, though Plague and Rapine range the land,
Her spicy bale perfumes thy chosen strand.
And ah ! had years matured that fair design
Of which thy genius traced the wond'rous line—
Had **GENERAL CONCORD** from her finished fame
Shed her pure light, and breathed her strains humane,
Man's varied race, from far-dissevered lands
Had thronged her courts, and pledged discoloured bands ;
Her shrines had witnessed tongues discordant blend
The vow, and in the stranger hail the friend.
Stern Scythia's clans had cast their rage aside ;
Unsocial Greece renounced her scornful pride ;
Secure beneath thy star's protecting ray
Had bloomed the regions of the rising day ;
With keen awakened sense the listening child
Still on his mother's fearless bosom smiled,
As deep-concealed o'erarching shades among
Content had carolled his unlaboured song—
Still from afar, the swarm of plunderers loured
Eyed the fair fruits, and but in thought devoured.

But Earth's fond hope how blasted in its bloom !
 How feels a world convulsed thy early doom !
 What mingling sounds of woe and outrage rise :
 How wild, the eddying dust of ruin flies !
 As frantic Chiefs* the Master's pile deface,
 Rend his strong walls and shake the deep-laid base.

Mourn, India, mourn—The womb of future time
 Teems with the fruit of each portentous crime.
 The Crescent onwards guides consuming hosts,
 And Carnage dogs the Cross along thy coasts ;
 From Christian strands, the rage accursed of gain
 Wafts all the Furies in its baleful train,
 Their eye-ball strained, impatient of the way,
 They snuff, with nostril broad, the distant prey.
 —And now the Rout pollutes the hallowed shore
 That nursed young Art and infant Science bore ;

* Immediately on Alexander's death, society was thrown into the most dreadful convulsions ; the most bloody dissensions broke out among his generals. Hence the Macedonians have been compared to those migrating rats, the pest of the North, that after ravaging whole countries, at last, for want of subsistence, fall upon and devour one another.

Fierce in the van, her fire-brand Warfare waves ;
 Dire at her heels the cry of hell-hounds raves :
 Roused by the yell, the Greedy and the Bold
 Start to the savage chace of blood and gold.

In vain steep Gwalior rears his towers on high,
 In vain, thy walls dread Nature touch the sky—
 O'er towers and mountains slaughter's torrent rolls ;
 No mound resists it, and no power controuls.
 On the meek race each plague of guilt is poured,
 And Famine* " gleans the relics of the sword."

* " When the effects of the scarcity became more and
 " more visible, the natives complained to the Nabob that
 " the English had engrossed all the rice. This complaint
 " was laid before the president and council by the Nabob's
 " minister, who resides at Calcutta. But the interest of
 " the gentleman concerned, was too powerful at the board,
 " so that the complaint was only laughed at and thrown
 " out." " By the time the famine had been a fortnight over
 " the land, we were greatly affected at Calcutta ; many
 " thousands falling daily in the streets and fields whose
 " bodies, mangled by jackalls, dogs and vultures, in that
 " hot season, when at best the air is very infectious, made
 " us dread the consequences of a plague.—We had an hun-
 " dred people, employed upon the Cutchervy list, on the
 " company's account, with doolys, sledges and bearers, to

For food their fruitless cries thy infants raise ;
 The gasping parents choak thy spacious ways.
 Wan, shrivell'd shapes, in life's last languor laid,
 Nor Morn's mild ray they bless, nor Evening's shade.
 Where the mute heaps abide their lingering fate,
 As Pride disgusted spurns them from her gate,
 " Oh father, grant," the unmurmuring victims cry,
 " 'Tis all we ask—this little space to die."
 Meanwhile the buryer, with unheeding tread,
 Crushes the dying, as he drags the dead.

E'en now, inflamed with ravenous thirst of spoil
 Wide-wasting legions scour thy beauteous soil.

" carry the dead and throw them into the Ganges. I have
 " counted, from my bed-chamber-window in the morning
 " when I have got up, forty dead bodies lying within twenty
 " yards of the wall, besides many hundreds lying in the
 " agonies of death for want, bending double, with their
 " stomachs, quite close contracted to their back bones. I
 " have sent my servant to desire those who had strength to
 " remove farther off, whilst the poor creatures, looking up
 " with arms extended, have cried out *Baba, baba, my*
 " *father, my father, this affliction comes from the hand of your*
 " *countrymen, and I am come here to die, if it please God, in*
 " *your presence, I cannot move. Do what you will with me.*"
Annual Reg. 1771, p. 205.

I hear, I hear the ravaged nations' groan,
 The sigh unpitied and despairing moan.
 I see the sufferers ope their failing eyes
 To seek avenging BRAMA in the skies.
 In quivering gore, his beak the Vulture dips,
 The gluttoned Panther licks his blood-stained lips.
 Wide through thy realms, funereal horror reigns,
 And bones unburied whiten o'er thy plains.

* * * * *

From the tall deck, at length, the Chief descends,
 To Persia's plains his course triumphant bends,
 And oft with smile-illumined mien surveys
 Their fair extent ; and oft the march delays.
 And dreadless now of force or ambushed wile,
 Relaxing files the weary way beguile.
 Sweet breathes the Dorian mood, and Grecian songs
 Rehearse the heartfelt tale of Grecia's wrongs :
 " At Eve's calm hour" they tell " how savage yells
 " Burst o'er her hallowed groves and peaceful dells,
 " With ruffian gripe how Asian rovers tore
 " The struggling virgin from her natal shore :
 " In spires ascending through the void of night
 " From shrieking hamlets reared the ghastly light ;
 " Strew'd o'er the thymy turf her bleeding flocks,
 " Stripped its rich mantle from her sunny rocks ;

" Stamped with wild foot, where Autumn waved his pride
 " Her powerless Gods and passive states defied—
 " Passive too long till Insult's maddening sting
 " Transpierced the bosom of the Spartan King.
 " Then just Revenge and Honor breathing high,
 " Lift every breast and flash from every eye :
 " Then willing matrons give their youth to bleed,
 " The plighted virgin prompts her lover's speed ;
 " Through waste dispeopled realms till Silence reigns,
 " And slighted Ceres flies the sorrowing plains !

" Yet what avails that, armed in Virtue's cause,
 " Valour's strong arm the sword of Justice draws ;
 " That Grecia's galleys, o'er the darkened main,
 " Her thronging nations waft, and hero-train ?
 " That fiery youth combines with wily age,
 " And Nestor's counsels guide Pelides' rage ?
 "—Too long, thou darling of the Muse, in vain
 " Thy prowess thundered o'er Scamander's plain—
 " With Fate in vain maternal fondness strove,
 " In vain the Goddess seeks the throne of Jove ;
 " In suppliant woe outspreads her softened charms
 " And sheaths her boy in heavenly tempered arms.
 " Lo ! coward Fraud conspires his early doom,
 " And yon unshaken turrets mock his tomb.

- " Each mightiest comrade lays his helmet low,
 " And falling Troy inflicts the deadlier blow.
 " Twice with a whirlwind's rage, the Eastern world
 " Against the shores of shrinking Greece is hurled.
 " —Swoln with the Despot's scorn of humankind,
 " By power obdurate and from flattery blind,
 " *While boundless empires bend the adoring knee,*
 " *Shall yon insulting corner dare be free ?*
 " Darius cries, convokes his gorgeous bands,
 " Equips his navies, and exhausts his lands.
 " His courtier-bards preluding praises breathe,
 " And for his brows entwine the victor's wreath—
 " —Those reeking brows, thou baffled tyrant, hide !
 " Rise, silken satraps, soothe his wounded pride ;
 " Freedom's keen spear has gored his vaunting hosts,
 " And Havoc scares them to his slave-trod coasts.
 " With grim delight the Power of carnage mounts
 " His scythed car, his gaudy victims counts,
 " O'er rugged steeps, smooth plains, and plashy meads,
 " His spreading swarms as furious Xerxes leads ;
 " And bids his banners, to the skies displayed,
 " O'er Earth and Ocean wave terrific shade.

- " —Then shares the haughtier son the sire's disgrace,
 " And crowns with greener palms the hated race.
 " The rock unmoved of SPARTA'S SAVIOUR-BAND
 " Checks the rude storm on Malea's narrow strand.
 " Poised on broad pennon o'er Plataea's plain
 " Thy genius, Greece, surveys the countless slain ;
 " Then lifts his wreathed front, and smites his shield,
 " And calls his heroes to the foreign field.
 " —No hero heard ; no patriot-chieftain rose
 " To roll swift vengeance o'er his country's foes :
 " Her torch aloft infuriate Discord shakes,
 " Strains her red eye, and rouses all her snakes—
 " The hostile banner kindred nations rear :
 " In vain joint honour binds ; joint toils endear :
 " Each in a sister's blood embrues her hands,
 " Nor prudence checks ; nor nature's cry withstands.
 " Far round her venom'd breath the Fury spreads,
 " And rears a direr crest of hydra-heads.
 " What bright effulgence from the unclosing sky
 " With sudden radiance strikes the downcast eye ?
 " And hark ! with mutter'd curses Discord flies,
 " Scared Peace returns, and guilty Rancour dies.
 " He comes ! the youth deputed from above !
 " Rejoins the severed bands of Grecian love.

" With pious arms appeases yon sad ghosts
 " Whose pale troops linger on her mourning coasts,
 " The new Pelides Persia's pride o'erwhelms,
 " And Asia owns him thro' her thousand realms.
 " Bards of my country ! wake the slumbering lyre,
 " And wing the song with his own Homer's fire ;
 " Behold ! his brighteyed dawn of martial days
 " Of old renown transcends the noontide blaze ! "

Thus stream'd the strains, till high imperial towers
 Spring from the bosom of enclaspings bowers.
 Then to the clamour of barbaric tongues
 Yield the glad symphony and choral songs ;
 With zeal impetuous as they hail from far
 The trophied phalanx and the conqueror's car—
 Still from its crowded gates the city-train
 Pours struggling forth, and deluges the plain :
 With wildly devious eye at first they gaze
 Where streamers chequer o'er the martial blaze ;
 And joy and wonder mix their throbbing tides—
 At length the tumult of the soul subsides.
 Then with collected thought and steadier glance
 They mark the leaders of the war advance,
 With reverent awe survey the sons of fame
 While busy murmurs buz each honour'd name.

But nearer now the car imperial draws—
 Hushed expectation holds her stillest pause,
 And while the world's young Victor passes by
 The pageant kindles hope's prophetic eye:
 Fair mid the sunny plain of future years
 The glittering fabric of his fame appears.
 In bright gradation loftier splendours rise
 Till the proud summit pierce his kindred skies.

THOMAS BEDDOES.

THE END.

ERRATA.

- Page 160 line 1, for *The* read *Tho'*
 163 last line, for *have* read *has*.
 186 line 7, for *rovest* read *roved st*.
 285 line 9, for *move the ruling atoms*,
 read *rule the moving atoms*.

Table of Contents—after “improvements in
 Gloucestershire, p. 248,” and after
 “Domiciliary Verses, p. 287,” read by
 DR. BEDDOES.



